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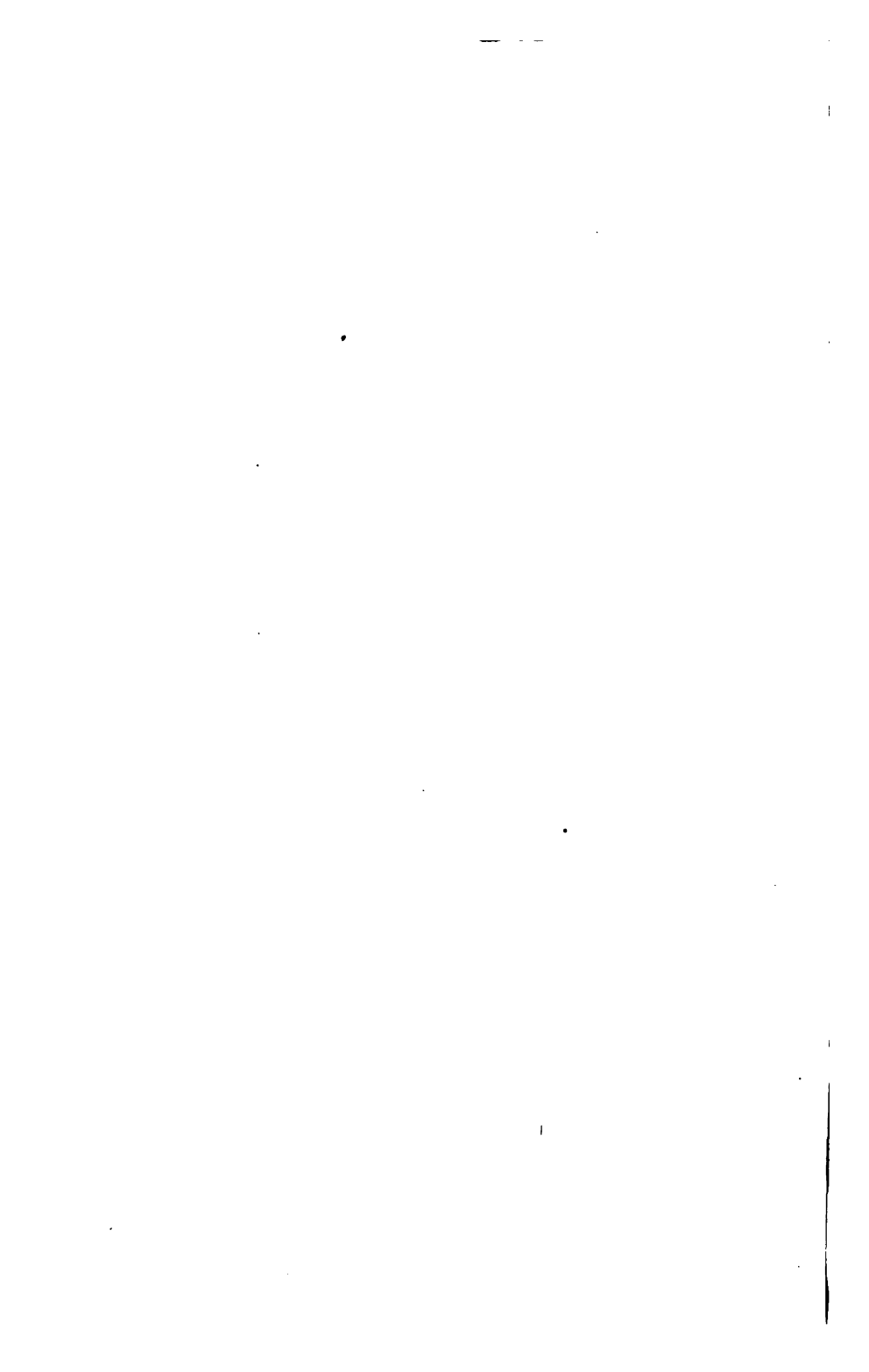


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The Mary Russell.

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

The Mary Russell.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM SCORESBY, D.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETIES OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH;
MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE; OF THE
AMERICAN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA,
ETC. ETC.

"Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Luke xiii. 4-5.

Second Edition.



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1850.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHILST the present Edition of "THE MARY RUSSELL" was in progress, passing through the press, the Author wrote to a friend, residing near the City of Cork, for information respecting Captain Stewart, the leading character in the tragic drama comprised in the following pages. The Report concerning him was to the effect that he was still alive, and in confinement at Cork, his health being, and having for sometime been, in a most deplorable state.

The Athenæum, London,
April 3d, 1850.

1870

The Mary Russell.

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THE MARY RUSSELL.

"SUPPOSE YE THAT THESE GALILMANS WERE SINNERS ABOVE ALL THE GALILMANS, BECAUSE THEY SUFFERED SUCH THINGS? I TELL YOU, NAY: BUT, EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH."—Luke xiii. 2-3.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG MARY
RUSSELL, ON THE HOMEWARD PASSAGE FROM
BARBADOES TO CORK; WITH THE TRAGICAL
PROCEEDINGS THEREON.

SECTION I.—*Introductory Remarks.*

16 THE Novelist, professing to give a story in resemblance of real life, is limited, in the excursions of his imagination, by the bounds of probability; or, when ministering even to a morbid taste for the marvellous—if he would preserve a due respect for his own judgment, or for the interest of his work—he is obliged to keep within the limits of what may appear to be *reasonably possible*: the narrator of truth, however, has no such limitations, either from *probability* or *apparent possibility*; but only the limits of the facts. For in this case truth determines the possibility, and not possibility the truth. A reference to rational possibility, indeed, may serve

as a check upon deception, mistake or wilful exaggeration ; but can have no influence on facts, however extraordinary.

These remarks on the independency of facts on the ordinary limits of credibility are not presented, as introductory to the present memorial, because any question can arise respecting the truth of statements rigidly substantiated as these have been ; but because of the impression on my own mind, on the first intimation of the event, that it was altogether incredible.

The case I refer to was, the unexampled massacre on board the brig MARY RUSSELL, of Cork, in the summer of the year 1828 ;—a transaction so extraordinary in its nature, so horrific in its details, and so tragical in its results, as to set the *ordinary* misfortunes and calamities to which human life is subject, in the distant shade ;—a transaction, likewise, if considered with reference to the extent of the massacre, and the apparently feeble instrumentality, such as, it might naturally have been assumed, was utterly beyond all reasonable credence !

This vessel—the Mary Russell—was brought into Cork Harbour on the evening of Wednesday the 25th of June, with the greater part of its crew and passengers lying dead on the cabin floor ; and, strange and unprecedented as the fact may seem, all this horrid carnage was accomplished, with some little preliminary help from two or three of the boys on board, by the hands of one individual, less robust than any of his victims,—the Captain !

On the morning of Thursday, about twelve hours after the arrival of the vessel in port,—being myself on a visit at Corkbegg, on the harbour of Cork,—I happened to be crossing the water to Cove, when a gentleman in the boat, pointing to a brig at anchor, remarked, that ‘that, he believed, was the vessel of which the crew was *reported* to be murdered.’ Such an intimation, of course, produced an intense and painful desire to ascertain the fact. After landing one of the party, a lady, at her destination near Cove, we returned with excited, anxious, and incredulous feelings, towards the anchorage. The rippled water reflected the bright rays of an unclouded sun in playful sparklings, and there was nothing in outward nature accordant with a scene of blood; neither was there anything in the external appearance of the vessel calculated either to indicate mortal conflict, or to justify the rumour which we had heard. One solitary man, like an Officer of Customs, was seen pacing in ordinary manner and step the starboard side of the deck. We hailed, as we approached the gangway; and, too much excited to speak in measured words, abruptly asked, ‘whether a murder had been committed there?’ The answer of the person in charge was prompt and accordant,—“It is too true;—and here they are, all lying dead!” On ascending the deck we were pointed aft to the cabin skylight, the hatch of which had been removed, where a scene of carnage so appalling was exhibited, as to render, by sympathy, association, and memory

combined, the impression indelible. Whilst contemplating the dreadful spectacle—two boys, who had been witnesses of all its circumstances, made their appearance, and freely communicated the leading particulars of the sanguinary transaction. Two surviving seamen, severely wounded, whose lives had been almost miraculously preserved from the fate of their comrades, were then, we found, on board of an adjoining vessel—the schooner *MARY STUBBS*—by the crew of which the ill-fated *Mary Russell* had been brought into port. These, with two more boys, constituted the remnant of the persons embarked at Barbadoes who had escaped the massacre. The author of this frightful desolation and misery had, for the time, escaped.

Whilst the heart sickened at the scene we contemplated, the thoughts naturally turned to the mystery of Providence in permitting so dreadful a carnage. But overwhelmed with the appalling spectacle, and bewildered by the extent of misery in murdered men, and widowed wives, and fatherless children,—the mind found present repose only in the consideration of the infinite perfection of His ways, however inscrutable, who reigneth over all the earth; and shrinking, at the time, from other conclusions, reflection resulted in the apostrophe, after the manner of an inspired apostle,—‘O the depth of the mystery of the Providence of God!—how unsearchable are His judgments, and his ways past finding out.’

But not to anticipate farther the facts and reflections to which, in the progress of this Memorial, we shall be more directly guided, I proceed to narrate such particulars of this memorable voyage, as may serve to elicit the causes which led to the frightful transaction, and to explain the marvel, how this extensive massacre was accomplished by such, apparently, inadequate power.

SECTION II. — *Preparations for, and progress on, the Homeward Voyage: Captain's Suspicions of an intended Mutiny.*

THE brig Mary Russell, commanded by William Stewart, an inhabitant of Cove, had sailed in the winter of 1827-8 from Cork for Barbadoes with a cargo of mules, which were safely landed at their destination. Sugar, hides, and other produce of the island, to the value, exclusive of duty, of about £4000, were then taken in as the homeward cargo for Cork.

The crew of the vessel, on this occasion, consisted of the Captain, six men, and three boys. There were also on board, as *passengers*, two muleteers, or ostlers, who had gone out in charge of the mules constituting the previous cargo; a delicate boy, who had accompanied the vessel throughout the voyage for his health; and a sailor, Captain Raynes, who had embarked, for the homeward voyage, at Barbadoes. Altogether they numbered fourteen, men and boys.

The following is a list of all the persons on board:— William Stewart, of Cove, *master* of the brig; William Smith, *chief-mate*; William Swanson, *second-mate*; John Cramer, *carpenter*; John Howes, *seaman*; Francis Sullivan, *seaman*; John Keating, *seaman*; James Raynes, *passenger*; Timothy Connell, an ostler, *passenger*; James Murley, an ostler, *passenger*; John Deaves, *senior apprentice*, aged about 15 years; Henry Rickards, *apprentice*, aged about 10 or 12; Daniel Scully, *apprentice*, aged about 13; Thomas Hammond, a boy, *passenger*.

Mr. James Raynes (or *Captain Raynes*, as he was usually styled),—whose presence on board the *Mary Russell* seems to have been the occasion, however blamelessly on his part, of the subsequent tragical events,—had gone out to Barbadoes in the capacity of chief-mate of a vessel, having been deprived of his command on account of a recently acquired habit of intemperance. It would appear that he and his Captain did not, on trial, agree, which induced them to separate after their arrival out; and Raynes sought for a passage home in the *Mary Russell*. At first his application was peremptorily refused; but Captain Stewart, finding unfortunately that he could not get a passage elsewhere, subsequently yielded to his request, and kindly permitted him to embark in the brig for Cork.

Whilst the vessel remained in port, no apprehension of disagreement among the persons on board was at all entertained; but early in their homeward

voyage, which commenced on the 9th of May, 1828, Captain Stewart began to harbour a strong and increasing suspicion of a mutiny being meditated, on the part of his passenger, Raynes, and some of his crew. This suspicion seems to have been first excited by a dream, which, on a mind naturally and habitually superstitious, had a very powerful effect. He communicated the circumstance to his chief-mate, observing, 'that God Almighty had warned him in a dream that Raynes meditated his destruction and the seizure of the vessel, in order, as he supposed, to avoid the mortification of returning to a port where he had ceased to be respected, and from whence he had no longer the expectation of obtaining a command.'

Through the medium of this strong impression, distortive in its operation as the jaundiced eye, Captain Stewart *suspiciously* scrutinized everything that passed in the vessel, and construed circumstances and conduct, which would otherwise have been passed over as perfectly indifferent, into the assurance of proof. Among the early occurrences, after his dream, which excited his observation, was the circumstance of Raynes associating a good deal with the crew, to whose compartment of the vessel he was in the habit of retiring to shave himself, and with some of whom he was occasionally heard conversing in Irish,—a language which Stewart did not understand. This, under the influence of awakened suspicion, annoyed the Captain greatly, and he seriously remonstrated with his passenger upon the impropriety of his con-

duct; but it does not appear that he afterwards gave any real occasion for complaint, either in this or in any other respect. The mind of Captain Stewart, however, was strongly and extravagantly impressed with the conviction of an intended mutiny; and this extravagance of apprehension was no doubt augmented, by the fostering of his suspicion, and the want of repose which ensued.

In order to guard himself against a surprise, the Captain, about a week after sailing, called Swanson, the second-mate, to sleep in the cabin for his protection; and he subsequently employed Sullivan and Connell in the same service: whilst the chief-mate, —who, from his confession (as Stewart related) of an unjustifiable transaction, in which he once bore a part, had destroyed all confidence in his fidelity,—was subsequently ordered out of his berth in the cabin, to sleep in the half-deck. For his personal defence he armed himself with an axe, a harpoon, an instrument called ‘granes,’ and a crow-bar.

His conduct now became more and more particular. He was agitated, watchful, and increasingly suspicious. He ordered the mate to walk the deck armed with the granes and a knife. He took alarm from the most trifling circumstances. The seaman Howes, having asked for instruction as to the method of taking lunar observations, with which the Captain was very familiar, excited the apprehension that he wished for this knowledge for a bad purpose. Keating, again, having put to him the unfortunate question, whether

Captain Raynes was a good navigator? suggested the thought, that the crew were looking to the object of his suspicions for their future master.

About midway home, these suspicious interpretations, of what passed around him, had arisen to such a height, that he called all hands aft, and told them that 'from the various circumstances above mentioned, which he had noticed, he had strong reasons to suspect some harm was intended him;' but the unqualified denial on the part of the men of any such intention, with their apparent sincerity in their professions of duty to him, seemed to operate favourably on his mind. The result of this proceeding, therefore, was at first to allay, in a considerable degree, his previous apprehensions;—the partial restoration of confidence, however, was but of short duration. His anxiety and watchfulness returned; and the exciting feelings being encouraged and fostered, naturally stimulated to a baneful extent the irritation of his mind.

Confirmed in the idea of a mutiny being designed—he endeavoured to repel the danger, not only by personal watchfulness and the appointing of guards, but also by the careful removal of apparatus and instruments generally considered essential in practical navigation. And that this latter precaution might have its full effect on the minds of the persons about him, he called the chief-mate, with Captain Raynes and a boy, into the cabin, and said 'he would shew them something they had never seen before.' Then, after charging Raynes with speaking Irish, as a proof

of a design to corrupt the crew, he ordered the log-reel and glasses to be thrown overboard out of the cabin window, which was done. He afterwards threw his box of charts overboard; observing, in reply to a remonstrative remark of the mate,—“they are my own, and I can make more.” And lastly, he openly tore the leaves out of the log-book, commanding his officers, as they stood by in amazement, not to keep any more reckoning. All this was done for producing an *impression* among the persons on board, and with a view of perplexing them should they attempt to seize the vessel. But he had a sufficient and secret reserve, as he himself afterwards told me, of a log-glass and some spare line, of the last leaf of the log-book, and also of a chart belonging to Captain Baynes, which he had secreted under his bed, lest he should afterwards get into difficulty for the destruction of property not his own. With these things in reserve, therefore, he had the means, as occasion might enable him to employ them, for keeping an imperfect kind of reckoning from day to day. Being himself, however, an expert navigator, he relied chiefly, for the determination of the position of the ship, on celestial observations, which he continued sedulously at every opportunity to take and calculate, up to the very day preceding the final catastrophe.

Such was the excited and harassing condition of mind in which the commander of the *Mary Russell* pursued his homeward voyage. Looking only to himself for preservation against the suspected designs of a whole conspiring crew, he was necessarily in-

tensely anxious; whereas had he had a confiding reliance on that watchful and gracious Providence ruling over the earth, in which he firmly believed—a Providence irresistibly powerful in controlling the wrath of men, and minute even to the exercise of a distinctive permission before the insignificant sparrow can fall to the ground,—then he might have retired to his cabin in the consoling assurance that no decree of man, contrary to the Divine will, could possibly prosper, and that all things must be wisely ordered concerning him. Had such a use of his belief in a superintending and guiding Providence now been happily made,—not only would his mind have received consolation amid all his apprehended perils, but he would have been preserved, in all probability, from that awful perversion of what he supposed to be “the finger of God,” by which he was incited to such a tremendous infliction of misery upon his fellow-men, as to revert in horror and woe upon himself.

Were the doctrine of Providential superintendence and special guidance reduced to general practice among mankind,—what an amazing amount of misery, as well as of sin, would be saved to the world at large! For if in all things, by prayer and supplications, with thanksgivings, our requests were made known, and our ways were committed, believingly, unto God, doubtless this declared result of Sacred Writ would be one of general experience—the enjoyment of the “peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeping our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ!”

SECTION III.—*Precautions of the Captain for Self-preservation,—Chief Officer put under restraint,—successful Device for securing the majority of the Crew.*

APPROACHING now the period of the fatal transaction, a more minute record of each day's proceedings will be requisite.

On the night of Wednesday (18th-19th June), the chief-mate, Mr. Smith, having charge of the middle watch, had occasion, soon after he went upon deck, to go down to the 'nail-locker,' situated in the steerage, or passage to the cabin, to obtain oil for the binnacle lamp, which seemed to be burning out. After a very short interval the light again became dim, and he went down a second, and then a third time, to the nail-locker, for materials or implements with which to trim the lamp. The repeated footsteps of the mate in his passage to and fro, betwixt the deck and the steerage, were anxiously observed by the wakeful Captain, who, ignorant of the real cause, supposed that the midnight trespasser there must be in search of some deadly instrument, whereby to prosecute the suspected murderous purpose against himself. And so powerfully was this conviction impressed on his mind, that, when he arose in the morning, he proceeded forthwith to the half-deck hatchway (beneath which the mate at that time slept), to ascertain whether or not the then object of his suspicions was in his

berth. Smith, who had retired to his hammock immediately at the close of his watch, responded to the call of his name; on which the Captain remarked, that 'it was well for him, after the proceedings of the night, that he was there; for if he had found him forward amongst the crew, he should have put him to death as a mutineer!' The supposed culprit, who had always professed to be the Captain's trusty friend, expressed a very natural surprise at this declaration,—a feeling which was not a little increased on his being menaced with a blow from a harpoon, which the Captain pointed to his breast, whilst charging him with being the ringleader of a mutinous party arrayed against him. The appearance of the crew, gathering about the hatchway at his summons, induced frequent appeals to them, as to the truth of his suspicions: and so far was he satisfied with the apparent sincerity with which they spurned the charge as applying to themselves, that at length he shook hands with them individually, and declared that 'they were all honest men, except the mate, who, he was satisfied, designed evil against him.' Under this conviction of the guilt of Smith, he ordered the men about him to seize him, and tie his hands behind his back. This, however, they all hesitated to do,—Sullivan remarking, "If we lash the mate without reason, he will take the law of us when we get home." Howes also made a similar observation, and added, that 'he did not see anything the matter with the mate.' Unwilling, therefore, to obey the order, they all, as if by

one consent, walked away; and the mate himself, who had come up and joined his comrades on the deck, whilst the parley was going on, retired below.

The effect of this resistance of the will of the Captain was speedily manifest. His suspicions, by the disobedience of his crew to what he considered a necessary order, were the more confirmed, and he became greatly enraged. With a view of pacifying the anger which had thus been excited, three of the men,—Keating, Connell, and Swanson,—united in the endeavour to prevail upon the mate to set the mind of the Captain at ease, by submitting to be bound. And to this he at length consented. On ascending the deck, he found the Captain walking about, now armed with a brace of pistols, which he had obtained on board the *Mary Harriet*,—a vessel from New York to Liverpool, which they had just before had communication with, and from which they had received supplies. Approaching his agitated and excited commander, the yielding officer presented his united hands, and accosted him, saying, “Here! tie away!” His hands were accordingly secured; and he then retired, in submission to the Captain’s orders, into the lazaretto, a compartment beneath the cabin floor. There breakfast was brought to him,—the only nourishment he received for that and the two following days. During this period of three days, indeed, he remained in solitary confinement; the Captain only having visited him occasionally to examine the security of his lashings, and once, accompa-

nied by the carpenter, who was directed to make a hole in the cabin deck for the admission of air to the almost exhausted prisoner.

The Captain's suspicions, however, were by no means allayed. So far, indeed, were his anxious apprehensions from being removed by the measure of security he had already adopted, that, on the contrary, he became strongly impressed with the necessity and practicability of the confinement of his whole crew; an attempt, apparently, so unlikely and absurd, as to set the ordinary fear of personal danger,—in the case of nine able-bodied men against one individual of inferior strength to almost any of them,—completely at rest. But in this case, as in some of the most extraordinary results of adventure in warfare, the apparent madness of the attempt it was, which, by preventing anticipation by suspicion, rendered the attempt possible!

At noon on Saturday, the 21st of June, the brig had reached the latitude of 50° N., longitude $19^{\circ} 50'$ W., about 400 miles to the W.S.W. of Cape Clear. They were at that time steering, with a fair wind and fine weather, for the entrance of the English Channel. As, however, there was too much sail on the vessel for her navigation into port single-handed, the Captain commenced the execution of his astonishing plan, by ordering the head-sails to be furled, and the main-top-sail to be close reefed. Strange as this order, under existing circumstances, was, the yielding crew, —not questioning the reason, if any reason was given,

nor caring to speculate on the consequence, where there were no signs of danger,—began to put it into execution. But they never suspected,—for it was not likely to enter into the imagination of man,—that they were preparing for a work of carnage on themselves, so extraordinary as to prevent anticipation by the most suspicious mind, yet so certain in its operation as to defy resistance by the most herculean strength.

For so it was, whilst thus the unconscious seamen were shortening sail, a scheme, designed to betray them into helpless confinement, was beginning to be carried secretly into effect, and with such consummate art and arrangement, that nearly the whole of the people on board were brought completely under the power of their Captain, for life or death, before they became at all aware of personal danger. And every step of the proceeding was effected with such surprising address, that each one, almost to the very last man who remained upon deck, was utterly unconscious of the condition of his comrades, who had previously disappeared, until he himself being pinioned, (for aught he knew or suspected alone,) was ushered into the interior of the cabin apartments, among his similarly subdued shipmates!

Though the Captain, in all principal matters, was the sole and unaided instrument in the execution of his own amazing plan; yet, in his preparatory measures, he found it necessary to endeavour to obtain the confidence and aid of some of the boys. And in

this attempt, unhappily for his devoted crew, he experienced no disappointment. Having first succeeded in impressing their minds with a belief in his own suspicions as to an intended mutiny, he then enforced his claims upon them chiefly by these two considerations:—he threatened them, on the one hand, with instant death, by means of the pistols with which he was armed, in the event of their betraying him; and he persuaded and bribed them, on the other hand, by the assurance of ‘great pecuniary reward, sufficient to make them gentlemen, from the Underwriters of Lloyds, for their brave exertions, should they give him effectual aid in his purpose of subduing the contemplated mutiny.’ By the influence of these considerations his purpose was effectually gained: the boys, unfortunately for themselves and for humanity, proved too faithful to their desperate leader. The plan, thus feebly and critically to be supported by the steadfastness of mere children, succeeded, as already intimated, in so astonishing a manner, that not one of the ten thousand chances which might have defeated it, either *in limine* or in its progress, occurred. Mysterious as the dispensation of God therein must be felt to be, so much at least was manifest,—that His special restraining Providence was mainly suspended—that Satan, was let loose with murderous power—that whatever the subtlety of man’s great enemy could devise, and the carnal depraved heart of a misguided man could be made to receive, was allowed, with little abatement of purpose, to be successfully carried into effect!

In order to explain the practicability, however, of a purpose so astonishing being accomplished upon such a body of men, whilst they retained a single spark of common instinct, much more of common reason, it will be needful to give some description of the cabin of the brig, and to enter more into the detail of the proceedings in this unprecedented transaction.

The *cabin* of the Mary Russell,—which I visited and examined minutely on the arrival of the vessel at the Custom-house Quay, at Cork,—measured about 12 feet across, by 8 or 9 feet fore and aft, on the floor; and the height was about 5 feet 10 inches clear of the beams of the upper deck. The entrance to the cabin was by a staircase on the larboard side of the quarter deck, shielded by a small ‘companion’ opening towards the stern, and situated far aft, very near the taffrail. Such was the position and construction of the companion, that no person on the main-deck, or forward, or aloft in the rigging, could perceive anything that was going on either in the steerage or in the cabin. The cabin was lighted both by windows in the stern, and by a small skylight in the quarter-deck. On each side of the cabin was an open berth, in one of which,—that on the starboard side,—young Hammond, the invalid boy, slept; a position which he occupied, without shield or screen, during the most terrific period of the subsequent transactions. At the fore-part of the cabin, near the sides, were entrances into the master’s and mate’s berths; and betwixt the two berths, amidships, was an enclosed space of about

six feet square on the floor, usually employed as a bread-room.

After this description, we shall be prepared to comprehend the process by which the commander of the *Mary Russell* was enabled to accomplish his extraordinary purpose.

Whilst part of the hands,—consisting of Raynes, two seamen and a boy,—were employed, about two P.M. of Saturday, in putting the vessel under a snug sail, according to the orders of the Captain already described, the deeply-laid plot, against the liberty of the unconscious crew and passengers, was thus commenced. The Captain himself, whilst standing by the ‘companion,’ requested Timothy Connell, one of the ostlers, (whom he called familiarly by name,) to come down with him into the cabin; an order which was promptly and unsuspectingly obeyed. A far different reception, however, from what he had imagined, awaited him there. A pistol was pointed to his breast by the hand of his now resolute Captain, who called upon him ‘to confess the truth, or he would blow his brains out.’ Then, under the charge of being a party in an intended mutiny, which his confused and alarmed manner was considered as verifying, he was ordered, by directions given to one of the boys, to be forthwith bound. Fearing the consequences of a refusal, before one so armed and apparently so determined, the man submitted; and when properly secured, he was forthwith removed into one of the interior cabins, out of sight!

No sooner was this first attempt in the plan fairly accomplished, than the boy Deaves was sent forward to call one of the seamen, John Keating, into the cabin, with a view to similar treatment. And in a manner so usual and natural did the boy deliver his message, that the first consciousness the poor fellow had of anything particular in the summons, was suddenly awakened as he came to the foot of the staircase, by the appalling sight of a brace of pistols clapped to his head! Thus unexpectedly assailed, and sternly charged, like the former individual, with a design of mutiny and murder, he was likewise commanded, under the penalty of instant death, to submit to be bound. Bewildered by the singularity and peril of his situation, and overawed by an authority not to be resisted, this second subject of the deep-laid scheme became a ready and yielding victim. Whilst the now self-confident commander stood over his prisoner with his deadly weapons, the boy, Deaves, obedient to the orders given him, temporarily tied his hands behind his back; when—being thus incapacitated from rising against his opponent, and being prevented from giving any alarm by the threat of being shot if he did so—the Captain took upon himself the business of applying more effectual lashings, and then conveyed him, as he had done his comrade, into an interior apartment.

Thus triumphantly successful in these beginning operations, the Captain was encouraged, by increasing expectations, in the progress of his plan. Forthwith,

therefore, another victim was sent for, to be called by name,—the boy Rickards, in this instance, being employed as the messenger. He also performed his allotted part with such address, that Captain Raynes, the individual selected, who had by this time returned from his labours aloft, was betrayed, as unexpectedly as the others, into similar toils. On his arrival at the foot of the staircase, he was received in the usual manner by the Captain with his pistols in hand, charged by him with participation in the crime of mutiny, and imperatively called upon to submit to be bound. Overawed by a sense of the impossibility of successful resistance, and unconscious of the nature of the evil that eventually awaited him, he yielded, with little remonstrance, to the peremptory command, and suffered the elder boy, Deaves, partially to secure his hands: then, being sufficiently lashed, both hands and feet, by the Captain himself, he, also, was dragged away, out of sight, into one of the cabins within.

In this manner, with scarcely a single varying circumstance, and without either alarm or suspicion being excited in the breasts of those who remained behind, no less than six, out of the eight, men, to whose liberty the scheme extended, were successfully assailed. Thus Connell, Keating, Raynes, Swanson, Cramer, and Sullivan, were successively called; and at intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes each, were all secured,—Howes and Murley being the only two men then at liberty.

Before we proceed to describe the result of this strange proceeding, it may not be out of place to offer a remark or two on the circumstances and motives which influenced all these six prisoners to remain in silent resignation, without any one of them venturing to raise his voice to alarm his unsuspecting comrades, before they were betrayed into the like helpless condition.

The fear of death had, no doubt, a considerable influence in restraining the tendency of natural feeling from giving the alarm; but such a fear would scarcely have been sufficient to preserve uninterrupted silence, for the length of time in which the plan was in progress of execution, had the unhappy captives had any idea of the mortal perils to which they had become exposed. The evidence of the survivors, indeed, sufficiently verifies the rational inference—that the surrender of their liberty, in the case of so many individuals, to one man, with their silent endurance of their bondage for such a considerable time and under such peculiar circumstances, could scarcely have occurred, had they entertained any serious apprehensions of further evil being likely to result. And however the early captives might have been surprised and alarmed, in finding so many of their comrades successively brought into a similar bondage, by the singularly successful artifice of their commander; yet the degree of apprehension, which, in contemplation of their helpless condition, otherwise might have arisen, was probably diminished by

their consciousness of the fact,—that Captain Stewart was in the habit of tying his men as a punishment; whilst the repeated assurances which he gave them, ‘that, if they submitted quietly to be bound, no further injury should accrue to them,’ doubtless contributed towards the maintenance of that general quietude among the prisoners, which was so important a condition for the success of the plan. Besides, it is not impossible but that a consideration of prudence in the breasts of some, of which the evidence of the survivors gives decided indications, might have had its measure of influence—the consideration, that, quietly to yield to their misguided Captain, especially where resistance had become so difficult and hazardous, was the most likely way of soothing his anger and allaying his suspicions.

SECTION IV.—*Adventure in subduing the remainder of the Men, with Measures adopted for the effectual Security of the Cabin Prisoners.*

SIX individuals, together with the chief-mate—previously put under restraint, and confined in the lazaretto, as we have particularly described,—were now, through the successful artifice of their Captain, brought into the same condition of bondage. Of the two men yet remaining on deck, John Howes, a powerful and courageous seaman, was the next whose liberty the adventurous Captain assailed. A messenger was sent to him, after the manner of the rest,

to call him down into the cabin. Knowing nothing of the extraordinary transactions which had been passing below, and suspecting nothing whatever of the real intention of the summons,—for he imagined that the Captain, as he had frequently done before, merely wished to speak with him along with his companions that were already there, on the subject of his apprehensions about the faithfulness of his crew; and thinking, that, instead of a perilous adventure, the result, according to the usual issue, would be the boon of some ardent spirits as a cup of peace,—he promptly turned after the messenger, and followed him along the deck. On reaching the entrance of the companion he called out to the Captain, and asked him, ‘whether he wanted him below?’—who replied that ‘he did;’ and, in his usual manner, desired him to “come down.” With a reckless noisy step, very characteristic of the man, he began to descend; but before he had got more than half-way down, the Captain, fearing too close a proximity to one so energetic and daring, suddenly appeared at the foot of the stairs, with his ready pistols in his hands, and stopped the careless seaman, crying out—“Avast there! not so fast!” Astonished as Howes must have been at this extraordinary reception, he was not dismayed; but, as if ignorant of peril even from such deadly weapons, asked, in a manner accordant with the hardihood of his nature, “What do you intend to do with your pistols?”—“I have found you out,” sternly returned the Cap-

tain, "and have heard all about it." And then, in language, which no one of his predecessors had dared to dispute, peremptorily commanded him to come down and be tied. The strength of the lashings by which the others were bound might have availed, doubtless, for the restraint of the daring Howes; but the peril of life, which had in all previous cases invariably succeeded, was spurned at by him as a reason for submission. He turned suddenly on the staircase to run off; when the Captain attempted to arrest him by drawing the triggers of his pistols, which were pointed at him; but they both missed fire. Howes, on reaching the top of the staircase, paused for a moment whilst he called upon his Captain 'to remember that he had snapped two pistols at him, for which he would have satisfaction when he got to Cork, if it cost him his life.' The Captain pursuing him, whilst he then ran forward along the deck, muttered that 'he would satisfy him,'—when, having cocked again one of his pistols, he discharged it at the retreating seaman, but missed him. Before the other weapon could be brought to bear, Howes had reached the forecastle, and, jumping down the open hatchway, apprised his only free comrade, Murley, who happened to be there, that the Captain wanted to shoot him;—on which both of them, rushing towards the side of the ship, retreated out of sight.

The Captain pursued as far as the hatchway; but too prudent to descend into the obscure region below,

attempted now to attain by parley, that in which he had failed both by artifice and arms. The object of his pursuit being still within hearing, he endeavoured to prevail upon him, by every variety of consideration which his imagination could suggest, to submit to his demands. He tried threats,—declaring that he must shoot the opposer of his will; or in the event of his being able to escape this calamity, then would he brand, and call to justice, the resisting sailor, as a ringleader in the mutiny. A strong appeal was likewise made to Howes' better feelings. Lamenting that he had had no rest for several nights previous, the Captain earnestly entreated him to submit, pledging his word that no harm should accrue to him, and piteously urging that 'if they were all tied then he might get sleep, and all would be well again!'

The appeal was too successful. Whilst Howes remonstrated against what he declared to be an un-called-for severity, yet, to convince his harassed commander of his own innocence, and to prove to him that he neither feared the threatened bondage, nor the consequences of the charge preferred against him, he requested his comrade Murley to tie his hands behind him. This being done, he went upon deck, when the Captain re-secured his hands, and likewise tied his feet together, justifying himself for the act by stating to his prisoner, who urgently protested against his proceedings, "that Captain Baynes and Timothy Connell had acknowledged their piratical intentions." Howes, in his remon-

strance, asserted his ignorance of any such intentions, as well as his own innocence of any personal crime ; and called upon his master, if he thought him guilty and deserving of death, to shoot him at once. The Captain applauded his bravery, and added ' that he had no wish to injure him ; for it was his anxious desire to take him, above all others on board, with a whole skin to Cork.' After this he searched his prisoner's pockets for his knife, which he took from him, lest he should by any means employ it either for his own liberation or for that of his companions in bondage. Then he called upon Murley, the last of his victims, to come up to be bound, who,—not having resolution to resist an influence to which the hardiest and most determined man in the ship had just yielded,—fatally, for his own safety, obeyed the command, and was forthwith firmly bound,

The whole of the crew and passengers (nine in number), with the exception of the boys, were now in a state of similar subjugation and helpless bondage. The boys, meanwhile, participating in the feelings and views of the Captain, were seen occasionally pacing the deck, armed with destructive weapons ; frequently they were placed near one or other of the prisoners to watch them, and to give notice of any attempt to escape.

After the securing of Murley, the Captain revisited his prisoners in the cabin, and minutely examined their condition. Finding one of them—

John Keating—in a fainting state, he took him upon deck, and untied his arms, at the same time lashing him securely to the staple of the ‘companion.’

There were now three of the prisoners above, Keating, Howes, and Murley, who were placed about the after-part of the deck, a few feet from each other. Howes, with characteristic hardihood and recklessness, solicited the boon of a pipe of tobacco, which, being prepared for him, and put into his mouth, he contrived to retain between his lips, and smoke.

One of the boys was now appointed to the special duty of watching over the deck prisoners, to give the alarm if any one stirred from his place, whilst the Captain was engaged in the general object, of maintaining his advantage over the whole party.

Having so recently left a tropical climate, the prisoners, who were kept without exercise on the deck, soon became painfully susceptible of the chill temperature of the night air. On their complaining of the cold, the Captain, with considerable effort, dragged two of them into the cabin; but Howes, who, from his determined character, was not to be risked among the other prisoners, he retained on the *after-hatch*, covered with a blanket. Subsequently, however, the poor fellow complained so feelingly of his sufferings from the cold, that permission was given him to retire into the half-deck, a change of position which, with the assistance of the boys, he was enabled to accomplish.

After an interval of about three hours, in which

Howes had been left alone,—the night being then drawn in,—the Captain returned to him accompanied by one of the boys, who held a lantern, whilst the tightness and security of the prisoner's fastenings were increased to such a degree, that he declared that, in such a state, he could not live an hour. The Captain endeavoured to reconcile him, became familiar, and jested about the alarm which two of the prisoners in the cabin evinced, remarking, that, "as they were aware of their innocence, they ought not to be afraid." Promising, then, to return to Howes in an hour, he left him to a solitary endurance, which was not interrupted by any subsequent visit during the whole night. Though, to the lonesome and humiliation of his condition, he was easily reconciled; to the endurance of his painful bonds he was not willing, unless by irresistible necessity, to submit. For, in a short time after the departure of the Captain, his limbs got into such a state of torture, that he was impelled to put forth every effort of body, and ingenuity of mind, to endeavour to release himself from the severity of his lashings; and having succeeded in liberating one of his hands, and thereby relaxing the tension on the other, he determined not to allow himself to be again bound, though death should be the consequence of his resistance. In a state of ease and comfort, therefore, in comparison with his former agonies, he passed the night of Saturday.

With the prisoners in the cabin, however, it was a

night of gradually augmented suffering and apprehension. At first, none of them exhibited the smallest symptoms of anxiety; but, ere long, the tightening and increasing of their lashings, and the consequent increase of pain, until it amounted to absolute torture, afforded just cause for serious alarm. For when the prisoners were already in a very painful condition, the Captain made one of the boys assist him, in guarding against any efforts for escaping, whilst he carefully altered and strengthened their lashings. The carpenter's hands becoming shockingly inflamed, the tension of the cord on his wrists was slightly relaxed.

Round the neck of Murley, a rope was closely adjusted and secured, which threatened him, as he declared, with strangulation; but Stewart, not apprehending such an issue, yielded him no relief. Raynes was securely bound; but though in extreme torture, he was not heard to complain.

All the prisoners being thus, apparently, well secured against any immediate risk of their effecting their release, the Captain ordered all the boys to rest: but too anxious in his own mind to rely entirely upon his measures of security, he himself sat up to keep watch.

The brig, meanwhile, continued lying-to, under a very low sail, with the helm lashed a-lee.

At daybreak, on Sunday morning, the boys were called up, and found the seven prisoners still lying

in the cabin, as they left them the preceding evening. The Captain, harassed by his feelings, and more and more disordered in body and mind by his continued watchings, then set about, in their presence, the further securing of his already helpless crew. And the manner of his final proceedings was as extraordinary as it was fatally effectual.* Out of the 'downhaul' of the mainsail,—a rope of about the thickness of a person's forefinger,—he carefully constructed seven grommets, or circles of rope, calculated, in diameter, just to pass over a man's head. He next drove into the cabin deck, in places suited to the position of his prisoners, either a staple, or, when that article failed, a spike nail, near the neck, and another at the feet of each individual. Then passing a grommet over the head of his prisoners severally, as far as the neck, he lashed the under part of it to the staple in the deck, so as to render it impossible, without suffocation, for any one of them to move at all from his place; but in order to prevent accidental strangulation, he passed a line, or thick cord, from the upper part of the grommet near the chin, to the lower part of the body, which, on being drawn tight, brought the pressure of the grommet downwards towards the chest. In this service a new lead-line was employed, which was likewise used for pinioning the arms, as well as for other occasional lashings, on the limbs. The general extent of lashing, on each

* This description I had from Capt. Stewart's lips, as well as many other portions of the general narrative.

individual prisoner, was as follows:—The neck, by means of the grommet encircling it, was fastened down to a staple as above described. The arms were first pinioned behind, and then the hands were lashed together across the breast,—the end of the cord used for this purpose being subsequently carried downward to the thighs. The thighs were then lashed together about their middle; another portion of the lashing went round the ankles; and, ultimately, the extremity of the cord was firmly secured to the foot-staple, or nail, driven into the deck. And for the more effectual security of the lashings, those on the limbs were ‘frapped,’ or twitched together, by cross lashings; and where any ends of the cords appeared in sight, these were usually ‘seized’ together with twine or rope yarn, to prevent their being unloosed.

Thus were the poor victims of an unestablished suspicion rendered more helpless than babes, and deprived of the power of moving a single inch, though the momentous issue between life and death depended on so doing!

During the progress of this distressing and alarming operation, which occupied some hours in its completion, various proposals were made by one or other of the parties, as conditions for the liberation of the severely tortured prisoners. With the exception of the chief-mate,—who was within hearing of the parley, and who, at intervals, was consulted in respect to the conditions of their release,—the whole party, in their now desperate condition, were willing to be turned

adrift in an open boat, to encounter all the risks and severities of such an exposure, upon the wide Atlantic. And in this arrangement the anxious commander fervently acquiesced,—offering them the long-boat, with provisions, compass, sails, and other requisites for accomplishing their passage to land. But, when the execution of the plan began to be discussed, an unhappy difficulty arose as to the method of getting out the boat. The Captain did not dare to let more than one of them loose at a time, the strength of whom, in conjunction with that of himself and the boys, he did not consider adequate to the task of hoisting out the boat, and getting her afloat. In consequence of this dilemma, which became perhaps more fatal from the want of acquiescence on the part of Mr. Smith,—the comparatively merciful arrangement was unhappily abandoned, and the devoted prisoners were given up to their terrible doom.

SECTION V.—*Extraordinary Conflict betwixt the Captain and the seaman Howes.*

HAVING abandoned all hopes of getting rid of his prisoners by means of the long-boat, there was nothing, —unless he should receive Providential relief by any passing vessel,—to which the anxious Captain considered it possible to look for self-preservation, but the secure retention of his prisoners in helpless bondage. Those in the cabin he now felt to be so secure that no possible efforts, on their own part, could be made:

available for their release; but there was yet one individual, more dreaded by him than any of the rest, of whose security he was by no means so certain—and that was the manly Howes, whom he had deposited, alone in the half-deck, the preceding evening. To him, therefore, Stewart's attention was now particularly directed; and the result was, a conflict with this bold and spirited fellow, so very remarkable, that his ultimate escape can only be ascribed to a special interposition of Providence, next to miraculous.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of that sacred day of the Lord appointed for devotion and repose from labour,—but in this instance, alas! what a contrast was the experience of the wretched crew of the *Mary Russell* to that of a Sabbath-day blessing!—when Captain Stewart approached the depository of the seaman Howes, to examine into his condition, and to provide for his more effectual security.

Removing the hatch of the half-deck, which remained exactly as he himself had placed it, he called out to his prisoner, whom he perceived in the obscurity beneath the side of the deck,—“John, are you there?—are you tied?—turn your back that I may see.” Howes turned himself cautiously and slightly, but so that the quick anxious eye of his master perceived that his lashings were relaxed. Reiterating the charge of mutinous designs against him, as a reason for his being retained in bonds, Stewart then peremptorily ordered him to come forth under the hatchway to be better secured, threatening him, in

case of disobedience, with immediate death. Whilst the sailor remonstrated, and kept aside in the obscurity, an endeavour was made to elicit from him, by strong appeals to his honesty and manliness, a confession of his mutinous designs. Howes, however, most positively denied any such intention, and, on the ground of his innocence, resisted the authority by which he was addressed,—declaring, at the same time, that ‘the torment he had already endured was worse than the Spanish rack,’ and ‘that, sooner than he would submit to be so tied again, he would suffer death.’ The Captain, stretching himself over the open hatchway, held out a pistol towards him, and fiercely answered—“then I must shoot you, if you don’t.” “I see murder in your looks,” replied the unsubdued and determined sailor, “but as I am the oldest of your crew, I shall be the least missed—fire away—you’re worse than a Turk or a Tartar, or any other barbarian—you will yet meet a day [of reckoning] for this—death is no terror to me, whatever it may be to others!”

For a moment, the murderous act was restrained by the boldness of the victim. Stewart charged the poor irritated sailor with falsehood in respect to the character he had given him, appealing to him,—as to that which was indeed true,—‘whether he had not always been considered a humane man by those who had sailed with him?’ But the present moment, in the apprehension of the resolute commander, in which he himself must be either vanquished or vanquisher,

was not a time for the exercise of humanity;—his ready-charged pistol was therefore presented, and, whilst Howes unshrinkingly waited the issue, was fired with an agitated hand, and missed its object. Another shot, however, from the second pistol, quickly succeeded it, and struck the stretched out hand of the defenceless seaman, and lodged in the fleshy part within the thumb. Not knowing the extent of the injury thus inflicted—but apprehending from the smallness of his pistols, and the appearance of the sailor, that he was not sufficiently subdued—the Captain hastily charged his weapons for another attack, to which, without a moment's delay, he proceeded. A third time he fired, and the ball penetrated the jacket and grazed the side of the seaman, who fell over upon his back, under the persuasion, personally, that he was mortally wounded. But the discharge of the other pistol aroused him again to consciousness—he cried out ‘that these two balls had entered his entrails’—and, after struggling for a while, apparently in mortal agonies, he became motionless, as if life were extinct. The Captain, anxiously watching the effect of his pistols, observed this result, and remarked to the boys—three of whom, armed with various weapons, were in close attendance upon him all the time—‘that he was dead!’ That he might not be deceived, however, by temporary insensibility, or assumed lifelessness, he ordered one of the boys, from time to time, to look down the hatchway, to ascertain whether he moved; but his report was—“he is quite dead!”

And this was the impression which the still surviving, but wounded sailor, anxiously designed to convey ; and considering that his only hope of escape depended upon the maintenance of the impression, he so exposed the blood which was running from his hand, that the Captain, when he next came to the hatchway, observing it, remarked—"He has got plenty : he must : soon be thrown overboard !"

The attention of the Captain, and his young associates, was now diverted, from the object of their sanguinary attacks, by the appearance of a vessel in the western horizon. Most anxious to be relieved from their present painful dilemma, a signal of distress was hoisted in the rigging, which, as the vessel came near, was evidently observed ; but, when hopes of relief had been excited to the utmost, by an approach so close as to be actually hailed by Captain Stewart, the stranger, in a manner altogether unaccountable, bore away on a change of course, and left the unhappy adventurers, on the deck of the *Mary Russell*, in a state of increased perplexity.

Throbbing under the effects of this deep disappointment, Stewart returned to the scene of attack upon the hapless Howes. The interval of quiet, meanwhile afforded to the poor sailor, had enabled him to discover that the sources of life were not materially injured ; but in his natural anxiety to ascertain the nature of his wounds, a slight change was unfortunately made in the position of his bleeding hand. The movement was observed by one of the boys, of

which Howes became immediately conscious ; and, anticipating the worst results, started from his prostrate position, and was just looking round for some means of defence in his miserable dilemma, when the Captain, under very different expectations, presented himself at the hatchway. "This fellow is not dead," said he, as he drew out his pistol ; which he instantly fired, and lodged the ball in his victim's thigh. Howes cried out, on receiving the shot,—“that will do !” “No,” replied his determined assailant, “it will not do—your voice is too good,—but I’ll soon make it do !” In furtherance of this threat, he called upon the boys—who were all armed with instruments calculated for inflicting mortal injury,—Rickards having an axe, Scully the granes, and Deaves, a harpoon,—and urging them to the attack of the now desperate man, himself led the way, and jumped down the hatchway.

It was a terrible moment even for this hardy veteran. Nevertheless, wounded, unarmed, and partially fettered as he was, his determined nature urged him, however hopeless the attempt, to resistance. Though his wounded hand was his only unfettered limb, he employed it, during the few moments of interval yielded to him in the course of circumstances, in endeavouring to release his legs from their lashings, which, by a desperate and agonizing effort having accomplished, he jumped upon his feet: in a moment more he obtained the release of his other hand ; and then set himself, as well as in his contracted position

betwixt the deck and the cargo he possibly might, to give desperate battle.

But how, alas ! could he hope, in such a defenceless condition, to maintain the unequal conflict ? It is one of the characteristics of a nature truly brave, when engaged in justifiable defence, never to yield life to a foe, whilst there is life to resist. And by such a purpose of determination, multitudes of brave men, resisting opposition apparently irresistible, and hoping even against hope, have nobly triumphed over might and peril, before which the timid and irresolute could not but fall. And so in the Christian warfare, in which the spiritual life of man is assailed by the combined might of 'principalities and powers, of the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of spiritual wickedness in high places'—before which "the fearful and unbelieving" shrink away and perish,—he who is "of good courage," being "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," not only triumphs, but comes off "more than conqueror through Him who hath loved us !" For the former triumph, the physical bravery of the hardly pressed Howes, was, by the good Providence of God, destined.

The boys, impelled partly by threats, and partly by promises, and stimulated to the murderous work by the perseverance and determination of their leader, obeyed his call to join him in the arena of conflict, and advanced, hesitatingly, at his bidding, to the attack. The only means of defence which lay within the reach of Howes, was a small packing-case con-

taining books: on this he seized; and, retreating into the side of the ship, held it up as a shield to his body, when the Captain again fired, so as to ward off the shot. On this failure, the boys were urged the more earnestly to commence battle: the Captain loudly and authoritatively cried out—"Strike, my brave boys!—push your harpoons into him!" But as they hesitatingly menaced him, Howes appealed to their better feelings, and entreated them, with the earnestness of one in mortal conflict, not to be instrumental in the murder of an innocent man. Deaves and Scully were considerably affected, and drew back. The former, under the influence of a softened feeling, began to plead for him, entreating the Captain to spare him: but his answer was as chilling to their feelings as it was awakening to their fears—"Do you want me to spare this man's life," said he, "and allow ourselves to be butchered?"

At this crisis, when all hope from sympathy on the part of the boys had been so suddenly extinguished, Howes, with characteristic and desperate energy, rushed suddenly into the midst of his assailants; and, like the tiger, singling out the victim on which his eye is fixed, regardless of surrounding numbers, he seized with a tremendous grasp his astonished Captain! A terrible struggle ensued—which the Captain, by his activity and energy, for some moments maintained against the superior muscular strength of his opponent. But resistance, under the determined grasp of one wrestling for life, was not to be conti-

nued: Stewart staggered under the pressure of the overpowering arm, dropped his charged pistol, and fell defenceless. The knee of Howes was forthwith planted on the breast of his now prostrate foe, whilst his ready and powerful hand seized the pointed weapon with which one of the timid supporters of the conflict was threatening him, and thus he was prepared for the mastery. Against the exercise of his newly-acquired advantage, an extraordinary influence in swift-winged thought prevailed,—for Howes assured the writer of this narrative, on occasion of a long personal interview with him, that he had, for a moment, his foe *completely in his power*; but, as nothing less than a mortal blow of his weapon could be relied on for securing his pre-eminence, he hesitated on the impulse of this singular reflection—‘that were he, who was charged with being the ringleader in a mutiny, to kill his Captain, he should only, by such an act, prolong his life for a more disgraceful end!’

More rapid, however, must have been the reflection than the moment of time required for the perusal of the sentence, for Rickards, who seems to have been the only willing abettor of his desperate master, flew to his support, and with repeated blows of his axe on the defenceless head of the struggling sailor, obliged him to relinquish his grasp, and arrested, by the act, any purpose of retribution, by the stream of blood, which rushed over his face, completely intercepting his sight. At this last and desperate issue—when the hardihood of Howes had of necessity given way under

the deadly blows he had received, and when another, even the smallest, effort must have been fatal to his existence—the alarmed Captain sprang aside, retreated from the conflict, and, followed by the boys, fled from the scene of blood.

Thus terminated, with a result more favourable to the severely assailed seaman than could well have been anticipated, this extraordinary conflict. The bleeding Howes retreated again into the side of the vessel, out of sight of those on deck, and with his little remaining strength crawled away upon the tiers of sugar-hogsheads, forming the cargo, into the forehold. There, whilst leisure was afforded him for doing what little he might contrive for stopping the effusion of blood from his serious, but, happily, not mortal, wounds,—he was enabled effectually to conceal himself throughout the day!

SECTION VI. — *Tragical issue with the Cabin Prisoners.*

THE desperate and unsuccessful battle with the seaman Howes, aggravated, still further, the irritation of Stewart's mind. With anxious perturbation, he returned to his prisoners in the cabin, to examine into their condition, and to assure himself of their safety. From the closeness and security of their numerous lashings, they were found in a state of excruciating agony, which,—though hardy in constitution, and indignant in feeling, as many of them

were,—they could not refrain from intimating by affecting moanings. Stewart himself seemed greatly touched with the view of their sufferings. Justifying this infliction of severity, on his part, by reference to their supposed mutinous purpose, he earnestly called upon them to pray to God to send a ship in their way, to release him from the charge of so many prisoners, and them from their painful endurance. He was greatly agitated, and anxious. The sincerity of his desire for deliverance from his harassing situation became strikingly obvious, when he threw himself upon his knees among his suffering crew, and, with a prayer-book in his hand, solemnly swore, that, if they would leave the ship, he would give them the long-boat for their preservation. But the merciful purpose was not accomplished. Either the recklessness of despair, or the want of unanimity of consent, or, as before stated, the impracticability, under the requisite restrictions, of getting out the boat, prevented them from availing themselves of this last chance of escape.

Under the depression of feeling arising from the hopelessness of his situation in respect to immediate relief—the Captain found some consolation in observing the boy Rickards standing near him, whose brave interference, in his life-struggle with Howes, had been the sole means, as he believed, of his preservation. With warm commendations for the timely act, he kissed him affectionately in gratitude, and declared that ‘he should be rewarded by a hundred guineas for saving the ship, and be a gentleman all his life!’

After the foregoing details of extraordinary severities, it may appear inconsistent and improbable to assert, that Captain Stewart, the instrument of these very severities, was not only a man of humane character, but, *professedly*, of religious feelings. To reconcile, however, his conduct on this calamitous occasion with such a personal character, it must be borne in mind, that he acted under the firmest and most decided conviction of an intended mutiny ; a conviction such as to render, in his estimation, the course of severity, and the purpose of death, which he had been led to pursue, both justifiable and indispensable.

Several marks of the religious turn of his mind—religious, I mean, in popular language only, according to the feeling and experience of men unenlightened by the Spirit of God, and unacquainted with the true source of godliness—were elicited amid the sanguinary transactions of this eventful day.

On the occasion when the ship, whose near approach we have described, was first discovered, an instance of Stewart's attention to a most important, profitable, and essential matter in practical religion, was strikingly marked—a matter however, it was, by a singular perversion of which, at a later period of the day, that the final result of this terrible adventure was in no small degree forwarded. To his knowledge and observation of a *particular Providence*, I here refer. For Captain Stewart had evidently received this doctrine, and was in the habit of observing its passing indications; but for want of "taking heed

thereto, according to the Word of God," he was led, under the influence of a harassed body and highly excited feeling, into a dangerous enthusiasm, so as, he believed, to be divinely directed, in the dreadful massacre which he eventually perpetrated. Evidence of his being actuated by a superstitious enthusiasm, had been previously observed by those around him. He had stated to Howes 'that God had told him, that Captain Raynes designed to cut his throat;' and his first suspicion of an intended mutiny, was derived, as we have seen, from a dream. So in the case of the sail which hove in sight after his first attack upon Howes, he ascribed its appearance to an interposition of Providence on his behalf,—“Almighty God,” said he to the boys, who cordially sympathised with him in anxiety for its approach—“has sent a ship to rid me of my people.” But the feeling which, under really spiritual guidance, would have been truly indicative of a pious mind, and which, under a Scriptural direction, would have led to a beneficial result, became, by unhappy perversion, as we shall soon have occasion to show, the spring of a devilish purpose, and the occasion of tremendous woe!

The particular bearing of these remarks will now be seen. In the afternoon of this memorable, but melancholy, day—so unlike a Sabbath, “the holy of the Lord,”—after the final communication of Stewart with his suffering crew, above described, another vessel came in sight. Being to leeward, and, when

first seen, at no great distance, Stewart attempted to effect a junction with her by trimming his scanty canvas, and steering in advance of her course. The Mary Russell, however, soon began to be outsailed, and the heart of her anxious Commander was fast sinking within him, when, to his great joy, the stranger tacked, and, on a signal of distress being displayed, as formerly, on board the brig, hove-to. The two vessels were soon so near together that the waving of hats in the one was expected to be observed in the other; but the singular appearance of the brig, under so low a sail, with a gentle breeze and fine weather, seemed to excite suspicion—a suspicion, perhaps, that she might be a pirate, attempting, under pretext of distress, to decoy the unwary;—for the stranger, without waiting to ascertain the nature of their necessity, bore up, and made all sail away from them!

By this second disappointment, severely aggravated by the unbounded hopes which had been excited of obtaining speedy relief, the mind of the unhappy Stewart was wrought up to a condition of frenzied desperation. Whilst, with intense anxiety, he had watched the nearing of the stranger, he reasoned on the seasonable occurrence, as a manifest indication of providential interference. He thought that God was certainly providing for his deliverance out of his anxious and perilous condition. But when his highly excited hopes were so suddenly and unexpectedly destroyed, and the inference on the designs

of Providence, which he had been so sanguine in drawing, was so thoroughly disproved, he forthwith turned his interpretation of the providence, by a singular fatality of reasoning, into a sentence of judgment against his unhappy prisoners. For as two of his prisoners, he fancied, had distinctly admitted their guilt, so as to render the fact of their mutinous intentions unquestionable—this abandonment of them by Providence, under such peculiar circumstances, was, in his mind, a proof of the guilt of them all! And then it was—between the hours of four and five P.M. of this day of woe—that, under this fatal reading of the Book of Providence, he conceived the horrible design of executing, himself, the judgment of God upon his prisoners, and putting them all to death! For, according to his own freely-tendered account of the murderous transaction, he had no design whatever against the life of any one in the vessel, with the exception of Howes, till within ten minutes of the time of the execution of his dreadful purpose. Satan, who vainly tried aforetime his hellish power against the Saviour of the world, by an insidious abuse of the promises and declarations of the Divine Word; now tempted, too successfully, the infatuated Captain of the Mary Russell, by a subtle perversion of the leadings of Divine Providence. The process of thought, whereby he was brought to the requisite determination for the sanguinary issue, deserves to be recorded. For although his case was one of extraordinary occurrence,

—and although there was a morbid influence, as ultimately determined, under which he was unconsciously acting, requiring, for the examination of his conduct, a peculiar standard,—nevertheless, inasmuch as his reasonings, with reference to their premises, were, in no mean degree, plausible, the record of these, which had such a powerful bearing upon the ultimate catastrophe, may, peradventure, under the Divine blessing, serve as a warning beacon to others who might be tempted to acts of severity, or homicide, by similar reasonings.

This was the tenor of the reasonings of the infuriated commander. If the sailors, whose imagined plot he had hitherto been so successful in counter-acting, were really guilty of a design of mutiny—as their abandonment by Providence seemed to prove—then, according to the law of all maritime nations, they must be deserving of death; whilst their being abandoned of Heaven was, he believed, a further indication that God designed them for this punishment. For had the purpose of God concerning them been otherwise; in such case, he thought, that God would certainly have caused one or other of the neighbouring ships to come to their relief, according to the prayer which he had called upon his prisoners to make.

By such a train of false and dangerous reasoning, he satisfied his conscience as to the *justice* of the act to which he was tempted; and then, as to the *necessity* of it, he reasoned on similar principles to the confirming of his purpose,—a purpose to which, however

rash, the harassed state of his mind, and his worn out strength for want of rest, gave immediate and reckless sanction. And thus was the dreadful design confirmed, and his mind steeled against more merciful feelings, whilst he proceeded to the deliberate act of cold-blooded butchery!

Now throwing aside his pistols, as inefficacious weapons, he seized upon a *crowbar*,* which, in the outset of the adventure, he had provided as an implement of defence; and calling upon the boys to follow him, he rushed down into the midst of his dismayed prisoners. To them, the warning and the execution, in point of time, were as one. The first announcement they received of the sanguinary purpose determined against them, was conveyed in the Captain's ominous and emphatic exclamation as he entered the cabin—"The curse of God is upon you all!"—and forthwith began, with ruthless energy, the dreadful work of death. The ponderous crowbar fell with mortal blows, on the defenceless heads of the helpless victims. One heard and saw the butchery of his comrade:—for a moment he cried to Heaven for help, or screamed in piteous despair, or blessed the murderous hand, or supplicated his merciless destroyer; when nature's plea, put forth as it was with such fervid earnestness, was suddenly cut short by the resistless blow. Thus, with unwavering mind, the

* *Crowbar*:—a strong bar of iron used, on ship-board, for moving or adjusting large packages or other weighty bodies. The thicker end of this instrument is usually terminated by a hammer-like *claw*, and the smaller end by a blunt abrupt point.

infatuated Commander went the deadly round of six of his miserable crew before him.* The seventh, and last of the cabin prisoners involved in the round of carnage, was Captain Raynes—the cause, apparently, however innocent of the crime with which he was charged, of all this frightful destruction. Over this devoted man—who, engaged in fervent prayer, was expecting the mortal issue—Stewart for a moment paused, and said,—“James, I put a heavy curse upon *you*, but now I take it off!”—and the death-blow instantly followed. Whilst in progress of the work of carnage, he was heard, in hoarse mutterings, to say,—“Ye ruffians—I’ll kill you all;” and, as the last blow was struck, he justifyingly added,—“Ye ruffians—you wanted to take my life—I have taken yours!”

Some of the boys, who had supported their Captain up to this unexpected termination, were terror-stricken spectators of the murderous scene: and little Hammond, who, it will be remembered, lay on a sick-bed open to the slaughter before him, entreated the Captain to spare ‘some of them to take the ship home,’—interceding at every pause, and particularly for the chief-mate, that he might be saved.

The murderous deed, however, was not only recklessly pursued; but, after a few moments’ pause, was enacted again. For whilst the mortal pangs, among the victims, were emphatically declared in suffocating

* According to the evidence given before the Coroner, it appears, that Swanson was the first victim,—then followed, in rapid succession, Murley, Cramer, Sullivan, Keating, and, last of all, Raynes.

groans, Stewart—as if doubtful whether the work were complete—seized an axe :—

But we shrink from the harrowing details of this renewed severity : it must suffice to say, that this new weapon of destruction was not stayed in its horrid applications, till, as to the whole of the seven individuals before him, the work of death was done !

Another intended victim still remained unscathed—the chief officer, Smith. Whilst the soul-sickening work of destruction was going on in the cabin, the throbbing prisoner lying beneath the deck,—through the air-opening of which the ample blood of his hapless comrades was poured,—heard the passing murders, and, in awful suspense, awaited his turn among the victims. Not unnecessarily prolonged were the moments of suspense. The executioner of his own wrath, whilst yet panting from recent efforts, now changing the axe for the crowbar, directed this formidable instrument through the hole in the cabin deck, against his prisoner in the lazaretto. Favoured beyond the others by the obscurity of his position, the pointed end of the crowbar, which was fiercely aimed at him, glanced by the side of his head, penetrating the collar of his shirt and the leg of his trousers. Not satisfied, however, with the sufficiency of this first attempt—though Stewart conceived, from the resistance experienced in the stroke, that it must have taken effect—a sharper instrument, a long-handled harpoon, was taken up to complete the work here commenced.

MARY RUSSELL.

... successive weapon, which the Captain
... his might in the direction
... successive cuts in his
... having one of his eyes
... But the determined
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But why—the inquisitive, and not sceptical mind, may naturally ask—was all this reckless destruction of human life permitted? Why did the special Providence of Him which regardeth the sparrow falling to the ground, allow the murderous hand to work its purpose upon these hapless beings? Of the mystery herein, we shall not stay our narrative, at present, more particularly to speak, except to say;—so much, at least, we certainly know, that ‘their hour was come,’—that this was the hour of their misguided foe, and “the power of darkness.” But it may be further asked,—Were *these* sinners, more than other men, who so miserably perished? We find in the words of our blessed Lord a satisfactory answer to this inquiry, when, in reference to a circumstance sufficiently analogous for appropriation here, he said,—“I tell you, nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!” Speaking then as he was wont, as never man spake, he stopped all useless cavilling respecting the comparative condition, as sinners, of the unhappy party of Galileans, “whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices,” by a seasonable warning, calculated for general and personal edification to all who might at any time hear of such melancholy dispensations. For if the heavier calamities of life, only temporally considered, are found to excite such sympathy and horror in those who merely hear of the events, or read their descriptive records,—how ought the grand catastrophe of mortality, in reference to its issue, to be seriously laid to heart, when, from

unquestionable authority, we are assured, that, without the personal experience of the soul-renovating work of repentance, 'we must all likewise perish!'

Truly, the world at large is not to be complained of for lack of sympathy for the victims of heavy calamities in this life; but, as to the victims of eternal woe—the multitudes who die without repentance—what lamentable indifference do we find! Calamitous events in life are regarded with general interest; crowds hasten to look at the scenes of desolation and misery; but how few, alas, lay to heart the personal lesson which these dispensations are designed to teach us! We are apt to be satisfied with the feeling of commiseration over the melancholy fate of the sufferers by calamity, or with the generous contribution for the relief of the necessities of the bereaved dependants of those who may have prematurely perished; but how few amongst us are in the habit of improving any dispensation of Providence, by which others may have suffered, as a warning voice enforcing the solemn truth—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!"

Under the full impression of the sad catastrophe which we have just recorded, the reader may have feelingly entered into the woes of the suffering sailors, or, peradventure, may have shed the sympathising tear;—But hast thou, O man, applied the admonition taught by Him who came to die for thee, for the solemn enquiry as to *thine own eternal hopes*? The fate of these poor sailors, who so unexpectedly,

so prematurely, so cruelly perished,—was, as to the mere mortal catastrophe, truly pitiable; but, consider what *thy* fate must eternally be, if thou diest impenitent! They pitiously perished; but, except thou repent—through that deep and powerful operation of the Spirit of God by which the fallen, degenerate man becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus—thou must likewise perish; and that, not merely under the power of the grave, but before the triumphing of hell and under everlasting woe! It was miserable so to perish as did the sufferers in the Mary Russell; but to perish hereafter!—is that immeasurable extreme of woe, which neither the immortality of existence of the soul of man can exceed in enduring, nor can the dark mind of the master-spirit in the region of despair surpass in devising!

Would to God, that the profitable appropriation of calamitous events—an appropriation to which we have been directed by the words of Him who came down from the realms of glory to save a perishing world—might be now so made by every reader of this memorial of maritime suffering, as to become the occasion with him of heart-searching examination as to his eternal prospects; and, if not already born of God, that the appropriation, by Divine grace, might be so improved to his timely and effectual conversion, that, escaping the general doom of the impenitent, he should *not* “likewise perish!”

SECTION VII. — *Conclusion of the calamitous Voyage.*

THE awful transactions, recorded in the foregoing section of this memorial, are calculated to impress on us the humbling doctrine of Revelation—as to the inability of man, in himself, to resist the temptations of his powerful spiritual adversary, when deserted by the restraining grace of God. And the frightful infatuation in the resolute commander of the Mary Russell, is further calculated to evince—to the mind at least of the sincere believer in Revelation—the wonderful influence of Satanic agency. A man, accustomed to be beloved by his sailors for his prevalent humanity and kindness, becomes, under an exaggerated apprehension of a series of suspicious circumstances, first the betrayer, and then the murderer of his helpless crew! What a wretch is man, when deprived of the Spirit of God! If forewarned of the wickedness into which it is possible for him, under the temptation of Satan, to fall, he will start at the very suggestion with horror, after the manner of one of old, and say,—‘Am I a dog, that I should do this great wickedness?’ Or even when he hath by a slow and insidious progress fallen into the snare, he will often be so insensible to the real nature of his own vileness, as to condemn himself unconsciously, if his character be figuratively described, as David did under the parable of Nathan, when, of a very humble parallel only of his own case and crime, he

said,—“the man that hath done this thing is not fit to live.”

But suspending further reflections to a more convenient place, we proceed with our narrative towards a conclusion.

After the close of the tragic scene which we have endeavoured faithfully and simply to represent,—Captain Stewart, as if released from an intolerable anxiety, became unnaturally animated and excited. He evinced an incongruous satisfaction, and seemed to indulge in a feeling of triumph. Having been without nourishment throughout the day, he now ordered meat to be brought out to him, of which, with some spirit and water, he partook in the midst of the scene of carnage, and then deliberately smoked his pipe over the bodies of the dead! As he held up his glass, before drinking, he bade the awe-stricken boys remark, that his hand was as steady as before the deed was done; whilst with vaunting self-approval he added, that ‘he thought no more of the bodies before him, than if they were a parcel of dead dogs.’ He then encouraged his youthful abettors with the renewed assurance, that, for the manly part which they had acted in the brave adventure, they would each receive a reward of at least a hundred guineas; whilst he himself, he supposed, would not only be recompensed with a very large sum of money from his Underwriters, for saving the property entrusted to his care, but would doubtless obtain the command of a superior ship.

Night was now drawing on; and, though the carnage of the unhappy crew had been so extensive and so nearly total, the cautious commander began to reflect on the chance of personal danger from the wounded sailor, Howes, who, he suspected, might yet be alive. He proceeded, therefore, to guard himself against a surprise during the night, and, in the precautions made use of, exhibited his usual tact and subtlety. The skylight of the cabin he lashed firmly down, and barricadoed the entrance-staircase by a transverse bar, secured by staples and nails. And then, as a kind of alarm, he suspended a speaking-trumpet, in the passage betwixt the companion and the cabin, to warn him of the approach of his dreaded and venturous foe. Thus defended against any secret intrusion, he sent the boys to rest in an inner cabin, and he himself retired to sleep, in another of the compartments opening into the chamber of the dead.

With these arrangements, our narrative is brought down to the close of the adventurous Sunday, a day, which—instead of being dedicated to works of mercy, and to exercises of devotion tending to heavenly peace—was polluted by a series of transactions at which the feelings of humanity sicken, and whereby the deep-wrought horrors of romance are too amply rivalled.

The interval devoted to repose will afford us a convenient opportunity for considering the condition of the two wounded sailors.

Howes, after the terrible conflict with the Captain and his juvenile supporters, narrated in the foregoing pages, crept away, as we have remarked, along the top of the cargo, into the fore-hold, where he bound up his bleeding head with the kerchief taken from his neck. His violent exertions, and severe sufferings from pain and anxiety during the preceding night, together with the loss of blood from his numerous wounds, occasioned a most excruciating thirst. Great as was the peril of his life in exposing himself to observation, his thirst became so agonizing that he ventured, in the dusk of the evening, to exert his little remaining strength, in crawling upon deck, in search of something to drink. There was no token of conflict,—all was silent—his companions in adventure seemed to be now at peace; but little did he imagine the desolation that had contributed to this solemn repose. He reached the water-cask, where he had expected the much needed refreshment, but it was empty. He cautiously pursued his anxious search about the deck, and also in the quarter of his recent frightful adventures, when, at length, he was successful in his object: he obtained a supply of water sufficient for his present need, and gathered together a few cocoa-nuts which fell in his way. The pistol which the Captain lost in their concluding struggle he also met with, which, with a carpenter's axe, he secured, and carried along with him into the fore-hold, where he settled himself in a posture of defence. Nothing appeared, however, to molest him throughout the night.

he :—then, as if reflecting on the extraordinary fact of his preservation, he paused for an instant, and added,—“I now believe you were innocent; I am sorry for having hurt you; it was God spared your life!” Stewart then appealed to him, in justification of what he had done, as to the fact of the miserable slain having, within his hearing, confessed themselves guilty? The answer of Smith seemed to imply, that, he considered, ‘they had confessed their guilt.’ But whether Smith affirmed to the appeal of his Captain from apprehension of further mischief to himself, or whether the unhappy men, under the torture of their bonds, had been constrained to make such an avowal, is difficult to determine; though from a careful weighing of the evidence bearing upon this point, it would rather appear that some of them, whatever might have been their motive, had acquiesced in the charge brought against them.

Though Captain Stewart must have been satisfied with the result of his appeal to Smith, as it bore on his own justification, he was by no means sure that vengeance would not be wreaked against him by the survivors of the general massacre. He expressed himself so greatly anxious, especially respecting what Howes might attempt in the way of retribution, that Captain Callendar prevailed on Howes to submit again to restraint, to the extent of a slight lashing on his hands, for the relief of his Captain’s distressing apprehensions.

Arrangements were now made for getting the brig

After a sleep of some hours—a repose rendered necessarily perturbed and harassed by the impressive influence on the mind of the recent events—the Captain arose from his bed, and to his surprise and alarm he found, as he supposed, the brig under way. For looking through the cabin windows, he observed that the vessel was going fast through the water, and, according to the position of her head by the compass, on a course very nearly in the direction for Cape Clear. Supposing that Howes must have survived his multiplied wounds, and had taken the helm, he cried out, with a view to the verification of his apprehensions,—“John, keep her a point more to leeward!” But there was no answer. The helm was lashed as he had left it; the headway of the vessel being merely the accidental effect of a gust of variable wind in the sails.

Being soon assured that this was the case, and that all was quiet above, the attention of Stewart was now turned to the several boys around him, respecting whose continued fidelity he began to have strong misgivings. Lest, therefore, from apprehensions as to their own safety, or from any other cause, they might take advantage of any unguarded moment to injure him,—he determined to secure himself by binding them. “God Almighty,” he said,—commencing in a style now very usual to him,—“has told me something,”—and that “something” he seems to have superstitiously inferred from some impression unconsciously produced, in the first

instance, on his mind ; but subsequently confirmed, in his apprehension, by the curious accidental circumstance of an old watch, which was hung by the side of his bed, and had long been stopped, being found to be going. This circumstance he considered as a proof that the boys were not so passive and subdued as they ought to be, inasmuch as ' they must have been meddling with the watch during his sleep.' Satisfied, at all events, that his personal safety might be endangered by their being all at liberty, he proceeded to take the instruments, with which they were armed, from them, and to tie their hands. Having so recently witnessed the tragic result of a similar commencement of treatment, they naturally became much alarmed, and the invalid, Hammond—for whom the Captain always manifested the respect due to a passenger, and especially to a son of an owner of the brig under his command—earnestly and anxiously interceded for them. . Stewart, with manifest sincerity, repelled the insinuation of any harm being designed against them, and confirmed his assurances to the contrary by taking an oath on the Bible for their safety ; and for their perfect assurance of the integrity of his professions, he put a loaded pistol into the hands of Hammond—whose liberty was left unrestrained, because, as the Captain said, ' he knew him to be an innocent child '—authorizing and directing the trembling lad to shoot him, if he should attempt to hurt his youthful comrades.

This measure of precaution was scarcely com-

pleted, and the boys secured to his satisfaction, by tying them both hands and feet, when the sound of a distant voice, as of one hailing the ship, excited the most interested attention of the whole party. The repetition of the voice, from a direction astern of the brig, assured them that some vessel must be close at hand. Stewart hastened to look abroad, and putting his head out of the cabin window, saw the stranger, whose assistance he feelingly supplicated, saying,—“For God Almighty’s sake come to my assistance.” On being asked ‘what was the matter!’ he replied, that ‘there had been a mutiny on board his vessel—that he had killed eight of the men—and that one had made his escape:’ he then repeated his entreaties for assistance, declaring, ‘if it was refused, that he should jump overboard.’ The remembrance of what had occurred in the case of two former vessels, served, no doubt, to make him increasingly anxious. He rushed upon deck, and jumping upon the taffrail, in his earnestness for the desired relief, appeared ready to fulfil his declared intention; when the Captain of the supposed stranger, recognising in Stewart an old acquaintance, called to him to ‘hold on, and he would come to his help.’

As the friendly boat approached, the now overjoyed Captain encouraged the men embarked in it ‘to come on board, and not to be afraid,’ on the ground ‘that all the mutineers were dead, but one.’ The first person whom Stewart greeted on the deck of the brig, was a personal friend, Captain Callendar, to

whom he handed a pistol; and then taking him aft, he stamped his foot through the cabin skylight, and showed him the bodies of his slaughtered crew. He next led him down into the cabin, where the astonished visitor recognised among the dead, the body of Captain Raynes; he also remarked the bodies of some of the sailors whom he remembered to have formerly seen on board the brig. Stewart, feeling both justified in what he had done, and self-satisfied with the success of his extraordinary schemes, remarked to his friend, 'that he could trample over them, like a parcel of dead sheep;' and then asked, 'whether he were not a valiant little fellow to kill so many men?'

To Captain Callendar's enquiries into the particulars of the dreadful spectacle he then witnessed, Stewart informed him—'that Captain Raynes, and the seaman John Howes, had raised a mutiny on board, and were going to take the vessel from him; that he had been obliged to break his instruments and throw his charts overboard, that they might be discouraged in their purpose; and that he had adopted various other measures, lest they should succeed in their object and murder him.' In proof of their wicked intentions, he observed, 'that he had a paper, signed by the senior apprentice, certifying that a mutiny had arisen in the ship;' and, in support of his claim for sympathy, he added, that 'he was so dreadfully harassed that he had not slept for twenty-seven days and nights!' In conclusion of his state-

ment, he besought Captain Callendar's protection against the infuriated seaman, Howes, in case he should be yet alive,—which was readily promised him, as also that he should be taken home in safety to his wife and family.

It was now proposed that they should proceed to look for the so much-dreaded Howes; a purpose which Captain Callendar undertook rather unwillingly; for hitherto he had not felt the least doubt of the facts of the case, in regard to the mutiny being really such as had been stated to him. The whole party, however, entered upon the search; in progress of which Captain Stewart himself discovered the wounded seaman, in his concealment beneath the fore-hatchway, his person being covered with a bag, and his features, as to their expression, being almost obliterated by a mask of blood! "Is that Captain Callendar?" asked the now poor spirit-sunk sailor, as he fastened his eyes on a countenance less destructive in its expression than that of him whom he had so much reason to dread.—"It is," was the prompt reply: and then was added an order to get up and go along with the unexpected visitor, which, on an assurance of protection, Howes immediately obeyed. Before he left the place of his retreat he called upon his companion in tribulation, Mr. Smith, who came forth from the obscurity beyond, covered only by an old shirt.

At the sight of Smith, Captain Stewart started back in amazement. "I thought you were dead!" said

he :—then, as if reflecting on the extraordinary fact of his preservation, he paused for an instant, and added,—“I now believe you were innocent; I am sorry for having hurt you; it was God spared your life!” Stewart then appealed to him, in justification of what he had done, as to the fact of the miserable slain having, within his hearing, confessed themselves guilty? The answer of Smith seemed to imply, that, he considered, ‘they had confessed their guilt.’ But whether Smith affirmed to the appeal of his Captain from apprehension of further mischief to himself, or whether the unhappy men, under the torture of their bonds, had been constrained to make such an avowal, is difficult to determine; though from a careful weighing of the evidence bearing upon this point, it would rather appear that some of them, whatever might have been their motive, had acquiesced in the charge brought against them.

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under way. To assist in navigating her homeward, two fresh hands were left on board; whilst, for Stewart's satisfaction, his two wounded seamen were taken away by Captain Callendar to his own vessel.

This friendly vessel was the *MARY STUBBS*, schooner, belonging to Campobello in North America. She had sailed from Barbadoes on the 10th of May—the day after the sailing of the *Mary Russell*—bound for Belfast, under the command of Robert Callendar of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. About eight A.M. of Monday, 23rd of June—the day to which our narrative has just been brought—the steward of the *Mary Stubbs* descried the brig, at no very great distance, lying-to, which he pointed out to his Captain. Being then about 300 miles from the southern coast of Ireland, Callendar was much surprised to perceive a vessel under such circumstances: he supposed that they must have mistaken their position, and be trying for soundings; at which, however, he expressed his astonishment, seeing that they were yet so far from land. But, on nearing the brig, this conjecture was dispelled; an ensign, half-mast high, and union downwards—the usual signal of distress—being discerned flying in the rigging. Captain Callendar now directed his course straight towards her, with a view to her relief; and, on his close approach, not perceiving any person on deck, hailed, repeatedly, as, in progress of sailing round her, he ranged up alongside, and finally crossed her stern. Then it was that his call was answered from the cabin,—Stewart stretching himself

out of the window with a bottle in his hand—which was afterwards found to contain snuff—and urgently soliciting his assistance as we have already described.

The two vessels now proceeded in company, before a favourable breeze, towards Cape Clear ; and nothing worthy of observation transpired till the morning of Wednesday, the 25th, when, drawing near the Irish coast, Captain Callendar went on board of the *Mary Russell*, to enquire into the state of his seamen, and others there. He found Stewart in a very fretful and harassed state of mind—anxiously apprehensive lest the strangers who had been sent to his assistance should revenge the act he had committed, and murder him. The cause of his present fears he mentioned to his friend ; but Captain Callendar assured him that he was perfectly safe, his men having no object whatever, but to take the vessel into port. But so strongly had this new apprehension taken hold of his mind, or so painful were his misgivings as to the sanguinary work he had perpetrated, that shortly afterwards he hurried into the main-chains, and crying out, “Lord, help me !” jumped overboard. Happily, for his present preservation, the schooner’s boat was towing astern, which, being promptly manned, Stewart, who buoyantly supported himself by swimming, was picked up and brought back. Captain Callendar having strongly remonstrated with him upon the recklessness of his conduct, which had so greatly perilled his life, conceived that he had become so subdued under a

sense of his rash folly, that, without any apprehension of a repetition of the act, he walked towards the fore-castle, with the object of looking out for land. But no sooner was Callendar out of the way, than the opportunity was embraced by the unhappy Stewart for throwing himself a second time into the sea: he was, however, as promptly succoured as before; and, being again recovered, was now secured, by the tying of his legs, against present renewal of his attempts at self-destruction.

Considerable uneasiness was now manifested by the two seamen belonging to the *Mary Stubbs*, in having with them so dangerous a character—one, who it now appeared, was as free to sacrifice his own life, as he had been daring and successful in taking the lives of others. To relieve them from their embarrassment, as well as for his better security, Captain Callendar took Stewart along with him on his return to his own vessel. On his arrival there, he took some coffee, and was then prevailed upon to seek the much-needed refreshment of his wearied body, and the soothing of his agitated feelings, by repose. But the harassed condition of his mind prevented any continued quiescence. He soon left his retreat, and appeared again upon deck. But there, a renewed source of excitement awaited him, in the persons of his two wounded sailors, Smith and Howes, whom his earnest gaze immediately encountered. Apprehensive that they would now take vengeance on him for his attempts against their lives, he went into the cabin to seek for

some instrument of defence, and returned armed with a case knife and fork.

With the expectation of pacifying him, the Captain of the schooner ordered the two sailors below, and affected to fasten them down: but, though Stewart was evidently satisfied that his attack upon them was fully justified by the necessity of his condition, he could not get rid of his dread of their vengeance.

After Stewart had been but a very few hours on board the *Mary Stubbs*, the weather, which had previously been dark and hazy, cleared up, and three hookers—small Irish sloops—were seen, one of them within a very short distance. Stewart requested that the schooner might be hauled up for one of the hookers, that they might ascertain the position of the land. As they were in progress of compliance, Stewart, taking advantage of the moment when all the people around him were occupied in trimming the sails, again jumped overboard, and was seen exerting all his energies in swimming towards the hooker. The two vessels having shortly afterwards approached within hail of each other, Captain Callendar pointed out to the people in the hooker the exposed adventurer in the water, who immediately directed their efforts for his rescue, and picked him up. The *Mary Stubbs* was now hove-to, with the expectation of receiving back their difficult charge; but, to the surprise of all on board, the hooker made sail from them, and stood away to the westward.

Nothing was left, therefore, to Captain Callendar, but to pursue his voyage to its destination: and this he did so successfully, that about midnight of the same day, he arrived safely, with the *Mary Russell* in charge, at an anchorage in Cork Harbour.

CHAPTER II.

INVESTIGATIONS, PERSONAL AND LEGAL, OF THE CASE
OF CAPTAIN STEWART.SECTION I.—*Personal Examination of the Mary
Russell, and of the Survivors of her Crew.*

WITH the foregoing details of the tragical proceedings on board the brig Mary Russell, I could only become acquainted by means of testimony derived from others; we now come to the period, however, embracing the domestic and other circumstances connected with the present memorial, the records of which, for the most part, were derived from personal inquiries or observations.

It was in the morning of the 26th of June, but a few hours after the arrival of the Mary Stubbs and her convoy at their anchorage at Cove, when, accompanied by Colonel FitzGerald—my late lamented brother-in-law—and another friend, I visited these now remarkable vessels. The Mary Russell, as I have said, was in charge of a civil officer; he, and two of the apprentice-boys, being the only persons then on board. Through the open hatch of the cabin skylight, to which we were directed as we reached the deck, we had an unobstructed view of the sickening scene beneath. Five swollen bodies, lashed on their

backs, "mangled with ghastly wounds," and clotted with gore, were lying conspicuously visible beneath, with the lower extremities of two others, seen projecting from the mate's cabin, or larboard state-room; the whole of which had remained, I believe, undisturbed, from the hour of the massacre. The body of the unhappy Raynes, with the head and face shockingly mangled, lay almost immediately beneath the opening,—a frightful object; and the rest, in various degrees of conspicuousness, combined in the completion of the appalling spectacle.* It required more than ordinary nerve and habit of self-possession, to contemplate, unsickened, the dreadful charnel-house; whilst the *depth* of the impression produced on the mind by such contemplation, has been strikingly marked, in the case of the writer of this record, by the small approach to oblivion of the sad exhibition, notwithstanding the operation of the many years of time which have since then elapsed.

Colonel FitzGerald, being the first magistrate who had visited the vessel, examined, (though only in a

* Thomas Sharpe, Esq., the surgeon who inspected the bodies at the time of the inquest, stated—that the seven persons (so often referred to in this narrative), had each of them "extensive fractures on the skull. James Raynes had a mortal fracture on the anterior part of the skull and face. William Swanson, a mortal fracture on the right side of his head. James Murley, a mortal fracture on the right side and back part of the head. Francis Sullivan's head, on the left side, was extensively fractured. John Cramer had the anterior part of his skull beaten in. Timothy Connell had a mortal fracture on the left side of his head; and John Keating's head, on the left side and anterior part, was mortally fractured and beaten in,—all which fractures must have been occasioned by some very weighty pointed instrument—a crowbar, as he had been informed,—and must have produced almost instant death." All the men were strongly tied by the arms, legs and thighs, and partly by the neck, and were lying on what appeared to be mattresses.

preliminary and informal manner), the two boys, then on board the *Mary Russell*, as to the particulars of the transaction, the dreadful result of which was at the moment before us. The investigation, which occupied a considerable time, being completed, I proceeded to the schooner, *Mary Stubbs*, which was lying in a contiguous berth, for the purpose of seeing the residue of the ill-fated crew, and making further inquiries into the details of the calamity.

Another of the apprentices, belonging to the *Mary Russell*, was here met with, besides Smith, the chief-mate, and the seaman Howes. The appearance of these men—monuments as they were of preserving Mercy—excited feelings of intense and anxious interest. Both of them, more particularly Howes—though able to come upon deck—were shockingly mutilated. Their wounds were yet undressed; and their whole persons and clothing bore affecting indications, both of the terrible conflict through which they had recently passed, and of the vehement efforts which had been made to involve them in the general slaughter.

Mr. Smith was freely communicative of all the particulars of the eventful day; and Howes, though he spoke cautiously—appearing to have been put upon his guard against exposing himself to personal risk by any perverted evidence—yet answered distinctly to the point, and with a manner characteristic of his determined hardihood, whatever questions I put to him.

Imagination instinctively summoned up, as the hardy sailor stood leaning against the bulwark of the vessel, a most lively picture of the frightful scenes in which he had been at once so great a sufferer, and so distinguished an object of Providential preservation. He was a man in whose appearance there was an intelligible indication of the firmness and perseverance in resistance, which he had been enabled so advantageously to bring into exercise during the protracted period of his extraordinary trial. His face was considerably weather-beaten, and his countenance, as it appeared to me, was strongly marked, if not harsh,—combining, with some severity of expression, an indication of straightforward manliness of character. He was the very man one would have picked out of a whole ship's company as likely to be the foremost in any act of daring—the man one could suppose capable of boldly avowing himself vigorously alive, when the only chance he seemed to have of escape was the maintenance of the opinion, come to by his formidable foe, that he was dead. He seemed the very character whom one could believe capable of saying to his determined commander, when standing over him armed with deadly weapons—"I will die before I will again submit to be tied!"

The other survivor of the dread calamity—the companion of Howes in mercy now, as he had recently been in peril—though not associated with such circumstances of incident, adventure, and development of character, as had rendered Howes so conspicuous,

—yet was not to be looked upon without feelings of both commiseration and interest. The terrible violence attempted against him, had left very impressive marks. His wounded eye, and cheek, and head, not only bore testimony to the truthfulness of his account of his own adventures, but evinced likewise, as an unquestionable fact, this measure of his peril, that there had been but a hair's breadth betwixt him and death.

The examination of the boys on board of the brig, by Colonel FitzGerald, elicited, under the guidance of occasional questions, a circumstantial detail of the proceedings which had led to the fatal catastrophe; whilst the information derived from the survivors on board the *Mary Stubbs*, afforded, altogether, a very complete view of the chief events of the whole calamitous voyage. Notes of the various particulars, I made on the spot, which I had opportunity, subsequently, in repeated and unreserved communications with the chief in the sanguinary adventure, of amply verifying and filling up. From these memoranda,—assisted by the published evidence before the Coroner, and very minute, and, I believe, accurate reports of the trial given in the local papers of the day, together with a few other facts occasionally derived from other quarters,—the particulars of this Memorial were derived. And although there were a few minor circumstances, necessary to be introduced, as to which, because of little discrepancies in the evidence, I have felt some doubt;—yet as to the great body of the

facts, so amply testified and abundantly verified, no such doubt could exist. And in regard to the occasional variations in the evidence on unimportant points, these I have endeavoured to reconcile with the general facts, either by giving the preference to the testimony of the more intelligent witnesses, where such an adaptation would answer, or by reference to the probabilities, which a clear understanding of the nautical and other circumstances, sometimes enabled me satisfactorily, to myself, to estimate.

In the beginning of the following week, I had again an opportunity, under new circumstances, of visiting the *Mary Russell*;—the brig then lying at the Custom-house Quay at Cork, and being in progress of the discharging of her cargo.

The cabin, though now cleared of the bodies, and of their more offensive extravasations, bore abundant and indelible marks of the sanguinary deed which had so recently been perpetrated there. In the blood-stained floor, were conspicuously visible, the places of the nails and staples whereby the prisoners had been secured down; together with the hole broken through the floor into the prison-room of the chief-mate, Smith, which yet remained unrepaired.

Besides these more permanent marks of the recent transactions, other objects and places of melancholy interest, referred to in our Memorial, were met with at every step, eliciting associations intensely impressive. In one place were seen the granes, and the axe, with other instruments of destruction which had

been used in the massacre, or in its attendant circumstances ; in another place, was met with, the case of books [or shells ?], which Howes had used as a shield against the pistol-shot of his master, extensively bespattered with blood. In the half-deck,—the scene of the extraordinary conflict betwixt Captain Stewart and Howes,—the original arrangements were undisturbed ; a hammock and bedding yet remained, whilst the surface of the sugar-casks, forming the platform of the compartment, still exhibited abundant traces of the blood which had flowed out there.

The passage from the deck to the cabin,—with its nail-locker, and the marks of the barricading therein,—was a position rendered interesting by the important circumstances connected with it ; and the different berths and interior compartments of the cabin yielded, severally, their portion to the general impression. Besides these things, as matters of melancholy interest,—the presence of one of the monuments of preserving Mercy, together with one of the youthful misguided abettors of the infatuated Captain, greatly enhanced the impression produced on the feelings by the general survey of the *Mary Russell*. All these things being strongly associated with the recent events, produced, together, such an extraordinary measure of excitement and perturbation, as no mere record or description could possibly yield the counterpart of,—for the imagination, assisted and stimulated by these various striking objects, was so powerfully brought to the apprehension of the whole

course of carnage, as to occasion singular sensations of dismay and horror in the mind of the conscious examiner,—sensations so vivid and distinct, as only to be exceeded by real recollections, or by the actual witnessing of the original dreadful scenes.

SECTION II.—*Coroner's Inquest.*

IN the afternoon of the day of my first visit to the Mary Russell, June 26th, a Coroner and Jury came down from Cork to enquire into the origin and results of this unprecedented transaction. After inspecting the state of the bodies of the dead, and making such investigations as time permitted,—not being able to finish their examination of all the witnesses,—they adjourned till the following day, and agreed to meet in Cork.

At the opening of the second day's investigation, the Coroner read two letters, communicating the intelligence of Captain Stewart being in custody at Skibbereen. They were as follow.

“Ballincollig, 27th June, 1828.

Friday morning—Seven o'clock.

“My Lord,—I have this instant received the enclosed letter from Chief Constable Brownrig, superintending the constabulary force in Carbery West, East Division, detailing one of the most dreadful acts ever committed.

“When your Lordship has done with the enclosed

communication, I request you will be so good as to return it by post.

“ I am, my Lord, etc. etc.,

“ JOHN GALWAY,

Local Inspector County Cork Constabulary.”

“ To the Mayor of Cork.”

“ Skibbereen, June 26, 1828.

“ Sir,—I beg leave to acquaint you, that a man named William Stewart, Master of the brig Mary Russell, bound for Cork from Barbadoes, was brought in here a prisoner, a few hours since, by the Constable Station at Baltimore, to whom he had been given up, at a late hour last night, by the Coast Guard, charged, upon his own confession, of having killed six [seven] of his crew, and wounding two, all of whom he alleges mutinied. It further appears by his statement, that his brig was boarded by the Captain of the brig [schooner] Mary Stubbs, of Campobello, New Brunswick, bound for Belfast, who took charge of her; but on his being roughly treated by the Captain of the sloop, he leaped overboard from his brig, and swam to the sloop. Still feeling that an attempt would be made on his life, he again leaped overboard, and swam to a fishing-boat (off Cape Clear), which picked him up and gave him in charge to the Coast Guard. The above unfortunate man is well known here, and was always considered extremely humane; he is very respectably connected, being nephew to Dr. Stewart, of Clonakilty.

"At first I considered the statement a mere fabrication; but now I fear it is but too true: and if he destroyed his unfortunate crew in the manner he says he did, it is one of the most horrible cases which has ever come before the public.

"The above vessels having proceeded, as I understand, for Cork, I deem it proper to give you the earliest intelligence of the above lamentable circumstances;—and in order that you may apprise the authorities in Cork, of William Stewart, the Master of the Mary Russell, being in custody, about whose apprehension they are no doubt anxious.

"I have the honour to be, etc.

"J. BROWNRIG, C.C. of Police."

"To Capt. Galway, Local Inspector."

After the reading of these communications, the examination of the survivors of the dreadful carnage was continued, and completed,—the leading particulars of whose evidence have already been incorporated in the foregoing narrative. The result of this enquiry before the Coroner, it is some satisfaction to be able to say,—both for the sake of humanity, and for the temporal safety as well as eternal hopes of the unhappy perpetrator of the dreadful carnage,—was the following qualified verdict,—"*That the several Sailors and Passengers were killed by the hands of Captain Stewart, being then, and for some days before, in a state of mental derangement.*"

Though there are sufficient indications, in the narrative before us, of the incorrect state of mind of Captain Stewart,—admitting what appears to be the truth, that there were no *real grounds* for the suspicion of any mutiny being intended by the passengers or crew, yet it is very astonishing that no serious conviction of his being under the influence of this malady, seems to have been entertained by *any person* on board. For though, on the trial, intimations of this knowledge were given by some of the witnesses, yet, on the arrival of the vessel, not the *slightest suspicion* to this effect was stated to me by any of the survivors, all of whom, except the boy Hammond, I saw, and questioned most particularly as to their opinion of the cause of the Captain's dreadful proceeding. If, indeed, any serious apprehension had been entertained of his insanity—would the people have so promptly obeyed the extraordinary orders for laying the ship to, when approaching, with a favourable wind, so near her port? Would the chief-officer, in the first place, and then the rest of the crew, have submitted, under any threatenings, to be bound in the way they were secured, and to remain a whole night in this condition, without attempting either to release themselves or one another? Would the Captain of the Mary Harriett have furnished him with pistols expressly for his defence against a mutinous crew, if he had perceived any indications of a disordered mind?

But these interrogatories are not intended to cast

any doubt on the correctness of the verdict agreed to by the Coroner's Jury; but are merely put forth as representing the kind of reflections, which were made by myself and others, on our first acquaintance with the extraordinary transactions. For, when the question was started, as to Stewart's soundness of mind, it was repeatedly urged among the persons with whom I happened to be associated, that, if either party were deranged, the natural inference would rather be—that the nine unhappy men, comprising the crew and passengers, who allowed themselves to be overcome by a single individual, less robust than any among them,—these, if any, must have been the madmen!

The doubts, however, which, in the first instance, might have existed in regard to Stewart's state of mind, and measure of criminality, were, subsequently, sufficiently cleared away,—so that his real condition will, we trust, appear free from uncertainty, even on consideration, but of a very brief record, of the trial.

SECTION III. — *Personal Interviews with Captain Stewart, and further Investigations concerning the lamentable Transactions on board the Mary Russell.*

THE principal actor in the appalling tragedy, of which the foregoing pages afford a detailed record, was speedily conveyed to a place of security—the county gaol of Cork. A few days subsequently—on

the 5th of July, 1828—I had an opportunity, through the assistance of one of the Magistrates on the Gaol Committee, of visiting this extraordinary character. Capt. Stewart being acquainted with my friend,—who was resident in the neighbourhood of Cove, where Stewart's family lived,—received him kindly, and even welcomed his visit; but on me, being a total stranger, he looked, at first, with an eye of suspicious objection, —evidently considering my presence as intrusive. My friend, however, having made me known to him, in such a way as to remove the impression of my visit being intended in idle curiosity, he at length permitted me to enter his cell, where, the jailor having left us, we spent nearly a couple of hours, whilst he related to us, with increasing confidence and openness, the leading circumstances of the fatal voyage. There was an evident candour of manner which impressed us with the decided conviction, that he felt himself justified in all that he had done; for, whilst he avowed himself ready to meet his trial, he declared himself prepared to establish the *necessity* of the act which he had committed.

Unless it were a certain sharpness of expression in the eye, and quickness of manner, we perceived scarcely any other indications, that the person before us was of unsound mind. He seemed to be in the full possession, indeed, of all his ordinary faculties, and related his proceedings, on the adventurous voyage, with such consistency, minuteness of detail, and apparent accuracy, that—had his suspicions been

well founded, as to which he made out a clear and forcible case—one would have been led, certainly, to palliate, if not to justify, on principles of self-preservation, a very considerable proportion of his course of treatment of his unhappy crew.

It was not possible to contemplate, without peculiar emotions, the singular character before us;—feelings of astonishment becoming predominant on the reflection, that a person so evidently inferior in bodily strength to the muscular power of most of the individuals of his slaughtered people, could have performed a deed, from which the most powerful of his species might have shrunk, as apparently impracticable.

His appearance, at the time of this interview, was remarkable, chiefly, by association. His figure appeared slight, and below the middle stature, but evidently smart and agile. With features somewhat sharp, complexion fair, hair red, and a profile straight, and indicative of intelligence, he exhibited a moral physiognomy not so much characteristic of anything bad or repulsive, as of a temperament excitable, ardent, and passionate. The fire of the eye, and quickness of movement in the body, to which I have already alluded, were the only apparent characteristics which struck me as being peculiar.

Feelings of repulsion and distrust were forcibly excited by being locked up with a man who had been the agent of such a terrific slaughter; and it was not without shuddering from the very heart,

that I received, at the close of this first interview, the now freely offered, but not obtruded, murderous hand.

Very unexpectedly, a second opportunity, under most favourable circumstances for hearing more particulars on the subject of this Memorial, was afforded me a few days after the interview just recorded. Captain Stewart, in natural anxiety as to the grounds of his defence on his expected trial, requested an audience with Captain, now Admiral Hoare,—one of the very efficient and diligent members of the Gaol Committee, and a brother-in-law of mine,—in order to lay before him a statement of his case, and to take his opinion, under the supposition of an intended mutiny, as to the justifiableness of the act which he had committed. Fortunately, I was on a visit at Captain Hoare's at the very time when the message reached him, and thus obtained, in his company, admission again to Stewart's cell, which would not otherwise have been permitted, because of a strict prohibition, by the magistrates, against the admission of visitors to this particular prisoner, whose unexampled case had been productive of a degree of interest and excitement from which no small measure of inconvenience had been found to result.

We found the object of our visit in the common-room of his ward, engaged in writing, for the information and satisfaction of his uncle, the Reverend Dr. S——, a detailed account of the melancholy

transaction. Having led us to the privacy of his own cell, he read to us his memorial at length—which, we found, was drawn up with great clearness, and with a peculiar regard to unity. In every thing, indeed, excepting what related to his notion of an intended mutiny, his narrative struck us as being strikingly consistent, and as characterized by all the ordinary marks of truthfulness and accuracy. He then proceeded to detail to us, in regular series, many additional particulars, so as to give a complete and connected view of the various events of the melancholy voyage, especially of those which had a bearing on, and were influential in leading to, the fatal tragedy. The whole of his relation, occupying nearly two hours in the communication, he went through with singular attention to chronological order, dwelling, most minutely and pointedly, on the different circumstances of suspicion in the behaviour of his crew, which he esteemed corroborative of his apprehension of their mutinous designs, and on which, indeed, all his expectations of personal justification, seemed to rest.

These circumstances of suspicion, which have been already stated in detail, he summed up after the following manner;—“Captain Raynes,” said he, “whom I took on board from charitable motives at Barbadoes, was the cause of the whole. He tampered with the men, to stir up a mutiny. I consulted with the mate, who said, he did not fear them. But,” added Stewart,—after describing a daring transaction

in which his chief-officer acknowledged himself to have been once engaged,—“when the mate made that confession, I lost all confidence in him. Howes had been in a better situation, and was therefore discontented: him I could not trust. The mate, who denied all knowledge of celestial observations, was seen taking the distance of the moon: I suspected him of a mutinous design in concealing that knowledge. Captain Raynes, who was in disgrace at home, had no desire to return;* and, having lost his situation both as captain and mate, he could have no hopes of a ship: I suspected him, therefore, that he wanted to turn pirate: and when I threw overboard the charts and log-line, I marked his confusion and disappointment.”

After this general summary of the circumstances of suspicion,—we questioned Captain Stewart as to the *necessity* of his putting his prisoners to death, when they were in such a state of helpless bondage that their resistance, and their revenge, were alike impracticable? His answer was to this effect,—‘His hopes of relief,’ he said, ‘from his anxious situation, had been greatly excited by the near approach of the second vessel which they saw on Sunday afternoon; but when she bore away, the disappointment was *unbearable*; and he considered it as a provi-

* It may be proper to remark, here, that very respectable mention was made of the unhappy Raynes, by different witnesses on the trial. They stated his conduct to have been gentlemanly and correct, and by no means deserving the censures with which Captain Stewart visited him.

dential indication of the guilt of his prisoners, and of their being designed for death.' From these, and various other considerations, he intimated, 'his mind was wrought up to a state of reckless despair. Dreading the revenge of Howes, then adrift in the hold, who had sworn he would have his life; seeing night coming on, which would expose him to unseen attacks; being so worn out from fatigue, anxiety, and want of rest, that he could no longer keep his eyes open; suspecting the fidelity of the boys, some one of whom, he believed, must have loosed Howes, he being better tied than any of the rest,—and fearing, therefore, lest they should liberate the other prisoners whilst he slept,—he saw no alternative but either putting them all to death, or falling a sacrifice himself to their revenge!' "Therefore," he concluded, "*I was under the necessity of killing them!*" "But," he added, "if that fellow Howes had not been adrift in the hold, I would not have put them to death; but I was afraid of him."

Captain Stewart having thus finished his singular and appalling statement,—in which, however, the more dreadful circumstances were passed slightly over,—and having exhausted every argument that he could think of to make out a case of *necessity* for the deed he had committed,—he anxiously appealed to Captain Hoare for his opinion on the subject. Captain Hoare candidly told him, that, although the mutiny, which was imagined, had been really intended

—with the proofs of which, however, he was not at all satisfied,—he should not think the act to have been justifiable, especially considering the very perfect manner in which he had effected their security. Stewart seemed greatly disappointed and affected, anxiously exclaiming,—“I’m sorry for it!”—“I’m very sorry for it!” He still, however, persisted in his own conviction ‘that he was compelled by necessity to commit the act;’ but he once avowed, that ‘when he thought of the Sixth Commandment, he felt some misgivings of conscience.’

As we retired from the ward of the prisoner, we found his almost heart-broken wife, awaiting our coming out, that she might visit her unhappy husband. We spoke to her as we passed, and truly sympathized with her deep-seated, remediless grief. “Poor sufferer!” as the heart’s sympathy would have urged its expression of feeling,—“thy woes, alas! admit, from human sources, of but small relief; for, whether thy imprisoned husband be designed for life or death, to thee the verdict speaks only sorrow! Seek then, from Heaven, thy comforts, and remember how it is consolingly written, that, whilst “the sorrow of the world worketh death,” godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of:” seek, for thy sorrows, the enriching transforming influence of heavenly love, remembering the Scriptural assurance, “that *all things* work together for good to them that love God!”

SECTION IV.—*Arraignment and Trial of Captain Stewart.*

THE verdict of the Coroner occasioned some doubt as to the legality of trying Captain Stewart on a charge of "Murder;" but after a lengthened deliberation of the City Grand Jury, assembled at Cork on the 4th of August, 1828, the prisoner was duly arraigned on their returning a true bill against him for the capital charge. The indictment—charging the prisoner for the several murders committed on board the brig Mary Russell, on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty, whereupon he was to be tried by Commission at Cork—having been read to Captain Stewart,—he answered, by his solicitor, to the usual question—"Not Guilty." "He was then removed from the bar, having preserved an uninterrupted silence during the whole proceedings, and having borne, with the utmost composure, the ardent gaze of the multitude which crowded the Court, the case having, as might be supposed, excited a most intense interest in the public mind."*

On the morning of the Monday following, August 11th, according to the arrangement made at the time of Captain Stewart being brought to the bar, he was put upon his trial in the City Court at Cork, before

* For the particulars here given respecting the trial of Captain Stewart, I have been indebted chiefly to the ample, and I believe, correct, reports given of the proceedings in the local papers of the day. The passages here distinguished by quotation marks were taken from the "Southern Reporter."

the Lord Chief Baron O'GRADY and Baron PENNEFATHER,—the Commissioners appointed by the Admiralty Court for the trial of this cause. Such was the interest produced by this extraordinary case, which had been almost the absorbing subject of public attention throughout the country, during the six or seven preceding weeks, that it was with the utmost difficulty, notwithstanding the admirable arrangements that had been made for the occasion, that the sheriffs and city officers could retain the places appointed for the barristers, and other persons who had the claims of business for authorizing their presence.

The prisoner “was dressed in a black coat, with white waistcoat and cravat. His face appeared fresh and healthy, and his features exhibited composure and firmness. Whilst the panel was calling over, he looked attentively at the several individuals as they answered to their names.” Having been informed that he had the privilege of challenging any number of the proposed jury, not exceeding twenty, and as many more as he could show any reasonable ground of objection to,—several gentlemen were challenged on the part of Captain Stewart, and several more at the suggestion of the Crown Solicitor. Among the number that was left, two objected to serve; one, because “he was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and had formed an opinion which he feared was unalterable;” and the other, on till stronger grounds,—because ‘he had been engaged,

in making a collection for the benefit of the families of the sufferers, and had formed an opinion so decided that he had not hesitated to express it in different places.' The Lord Chief Baron, however, refused to admit these considerations as *legal grounds* of objection; on which the two gentlemen were severally challenged by the prisoner's solicitor and himself.

Thus having cleared the jury of such persons as were known to hold opinions unfavourable to the prisoner's safety, he entered upon his trial with every possible advantage. Mr. Sergeant Goold, and Messrs. George Bennett, Quin, and Plunkett, were engaged in the Prosecution; along with whom Mr. O'Connell was likewise retained, but did not appear. Messrs. O'Loghlin, Freeman, Croke, Pigott, and Barrington, appeared for the Defence.

The Jury being all sworn, and the prisoner given in charge "for the murder of *James Goold Raynes*, on the high seas, about a hundred leagues off the land, on Sunday, the 22d of June last,"—Mr. Sergeant Goold opened the case for the prosecution, on behalf of the Crown. After a clear, but brief, detail of the facts of the case expected to be proved by the subsequent evidence,—wherein he remarked with pleasing manifestation of piety of feeling, on the "wonderful interposition of a superintending Providence," by which Howes and Smith still remained among the living, to tell the marvellous story,—the Learned Gentleman, according to the report of the trial, concluded in words to this effect:—"Gentlemen of the

Jury, I don't think it necessary for me to trouble you further. The facts of the case are briefly as I have detailed them. They furnish a history unequalled, I believe, even in the annals of romance. How seven men should allow themselves to be tied and butchered in this way, seems a very extraordinary thing. Why the prisoner should have murdered those persons, it will be for him, or for the Learned Gentlemen who appear as his Counsel, to explain. If there was a mutiny on board the vessel, it is for the Learned Gentlemen opposite to show it. If the defence intended to be set up is, that the prisoner, when he committed the murder, was in a state of mind which made the act excusable in law, it is necessary that this defence should be made out to your perfect satisfaction. In order to make out that defence, it must appear that the prisoner was in a state of such derangement, that he was incapable of knowing what he was doing; that he was incapable of appreciating the consequences of his own acts; and, in short, that he was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. I need not advert to the cases which appear in the books, nor to those cases where the circumstance of persons having been previously confined in mad-houses, was not considered an excuse for the commission of a crime: I need not point the attention of their Lordships to the cases of Bellingham and others; it is enough for me to say, under the correction of the Court, that derangement of mind is not considered a sufficient excuse, unless the party is totally incapable

of distinguishing between right and wrong. We shall examine all the survivors, gentlemen; and it is our wish, as indeed it is the duty of the Crown, by whom this prosecution is undertaken, to put forward every thing that can be considered favourable to the prisoner, as well as every material fact connected with the transaction. And I pray to God, for the sake of human nature, that it will appear that the prisoner is innocent; and that you, by your conscientious verdict, will relieve him, and relieve our country, from the imputation which this horrible transaction, more horrible than fancy could have created, has thrown on it."

The Learned Sergeant's statement was listened to by the crowded audience in unbroken silence; and the prisoner betrayed no other emotion but a slight hectic, which might, indeed, have been an effect of the heat of the Court, instead of a disturbance of mind.

After a brief address from the Lord Chief Baron to the Jury, charging them to dismiss from their minds the opinions they had already formed on this case, that they might follow the evidence now to be adduced, so as to arrive at a just verdict,—the witnesses for the prosecution were severally called, and examined. These were *Daniel* (or *Denis*) *Scully*, one of the boys; *William Smith*, the chief-mate; and *John Howes*, one of the seamen of the *Mary Russell*,—which were the only survivors examined on the part of the Crown; then, *Captain Callendar*, of the *Mary Stubbs*, and *William Delany*, one of his seamen, who assisted in

bringing the Mary Russell into port ; and *Mr. Thomas Harvey*, of Cork, who gave evidence as to the value of the cargo of the Mary Russell, as well as of the vessel. *John Deaves*, another of the boys, was likewise called, and cross-examined in this part of the trial ; but it was by one of the prisoner's Counsel.

The fact of the murder of the seven men by Captain Stewart, and the innocence of these men as to any intention of mutiny, being equally admitted by both the prosecuting and opposing Counsel, the only defence attempted to be set up was the plea of *insanity*. For establishing this plea, *Dr. St. John Clerke*, of Skibbereen ; *Dr. Edward Townsend*, Local Inspector of the County Gaol ; *Dr. Osborne*, of Cork ; and *Mr. Richard Maguire*, Medical Attendant of the City and County Gaols, were severally examined ; as also some others, not being professional persons, who gave evidence in respect to the unsound state of the prisoner's mind, either at the present, or at former periods. In the evidence of *Dr. Townsend*, it is reported to have been stated, that the disease of Captain Stewart seemed to be what is called *monomania*, the peculiar feature of which is, 'that the person afflicted might be perfectly sane on all other subjects, but a particular one ; until that chord be touched, the individual might manifest correctness of intellect.' 'To distrust others, is a symptom common to every species of insanity. Extreme anxiety about plots might be an attendant, and also excitability and impatience ;' 'but there is more of bodily excitement

in general mania than in monomania:’ hence Captain Stewart ‘never exhibited in his countenance a symptom of insanity.’

The Lord Chief Baron’s charge to the Jury, after the close of the case on both sides, included, in substance, according to the local reports, these important remarks :—‘Gentlemen of the Jury: I am very sorry,’ said the Learned Judge, ‘that a great and most responsible duty has fallen upon us—perhaps, I should rather have said, on you—for it devolves more on the Jury than on the Court, in this instance, there being very little of law in the case; and the whole rests upon the opinion which you shall deliberately form, upon a consideration of the evidence; as to the prisoner’s state of mind at the time of this transaction.’ ‘That the prisoner has been unfortunate enough to commit the act, admits of no doubt.’ ‘The question, therefore, is, whether he acted deliberately by the instigation of the Devil, or whether he acted under the visitation of God which impaired his senses? When it pleases God to deprive a man of his understanding, it belongs not to any human tribunal to bring that man to punishment. Hence you are to consider, Gentlemen, whether the prisoner acted *malo animo*, or whether he acted under the visitation of God?’ ‘If I myself had found that he was always considered a man of sound mind, and never had shown any signs of aberration until a week before this transaction, and that it commenced with a dream, I should have been disposed to view the case with much jea-

lousy ; but I find by the evidence (of persons whom he named) that the prisoner was subject to aberration more than once.' The question, I again repeat, is, whether the prisoner acted by the instigation of the Devil, or under the visitation of God, which left him no longer master of himself at the time he committed the offence. If, on the whole case, you have a rational ground for doubt, it is the duty of the Court to direct you on this, as on all other occasions, to lean to the side of mercy ; if, on the other hand, your minds are made up as to the prisoner's guilt, you are bound to pronounce him guilty without hesitation. It is right for me to warn you, that you are not to suffer your feelings to be operated on by the magnitude of the crime : in the deplorable carnage which has taken place, and in the enormity of the crime, there is, certainly, I conceive, some presumption in favour of the prisoner, and some reason why we should suppose him innocent. If he acted deliberately, and by the instigation of the Devil, he is one of the most celebrated of all those monsters who have disgraced their country and human nature ; for he has been guilty of one of the foulest and most brutal acts which was ever committed by man, and one which must render him most obnoxious in the eyes of God.'

After consulting about an hour and a half, the foreman of the Jury delivered the following verdict : — "GUILTY ; but we believe he was labouring under mental derangement when he committed the act." This verdict, however, being objected to by the Lord

Chief Baron, as not affording a legal decision, the Jury, under his directions, agreed to the following, which was finally recorded :—

“NOT GUILTY ;—*because we believe that the prisoner was labouring under mental derangement when he committed the act.*”

‘The prisoner continued apparently unmoved, and without evincing any symptoms of mental or corporeal weakness, throughout the trial, which lasted from ten o’clock in the morning, until seven in the evening.’ Before he was removed from the dock, however, he expressed his gratitude to Mr. Bennett, his Solicitor, and to his Counsel, for their able exertions, and requested that information might immediately be given to his wife of the result of the trial. Just as he was about retiring, he lifted up his hands, and with great apparent fervour, said, “I have great reason to bless God ; for if I had committed the murder wilfully, I would not have wished to live myself, but I did not !” This concluding act of the prisoner excited the attention, and seemed to awaken, in his behalf, the better feelings of the great body of the audience,—producing, no doubt, in many who had attended the proceedings of the day, a substitution of commiseration and compassion, for the previous feelings of repugnance and horror.

Under the directions of the Lord Chief Baron, Stewart was conveyed back to the City Gaol—to

which he had been removed from the County Prison, a few days before his trial—to be kept in safe custody till further orders. His sentence was—*that he be kept in close confinement during life, or during his Majesty's pleasure.*

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN STEWART'S CHANGE OF MIND AND SUBSEQUENT CONDITION.

SECTION I.—*Cautionary Reflections.*

HAVING stated so much at large, in the preceding pages, the various circumstances connected with the frightful massacre perpetrated by the hands of Captain Stewart, it becomes my duty now to append some other matters, of a palliative nature, which came immediately within my own knowledge and observation, after the foregoing narrative was completed. And though the outward acts of this extraordinary man, confined for life within the walls of a Lunatic Asylum, must be comparatively uninteresting, yet by no means so his religious experiences; for in regard to these experiences, he appears to have become not less the subject of astonishing mercies, than formerly he was an instrument of cruelty and an object of horror! For the miserable man, who, under the influence of temporary derangement, destroyed the lives of seven of his unoffending sailors, has not only escaped that violent mortal punishment which he himself inflicted on others; but has obtained, as far as human judgment, assisted by Scriptural evidences,

can determine, mercy and pardon at the hands of an infinitely merciful God.

In thus speaking, however, of Captain Stewart's condition of mind after the commission of the horrible act herein recorded, I consider it right to admit, that both the interests of our holy faith, and the due reprobation of the wicked courses of criminals, require very clear and decisive evidence to justify such a statement. For great injury, I conceive, has been done to the cause of good morals, among the lower classes of the people; and a stumbling-block, against the reception of the Gospel, in its peculiar doctrines, has often been placed in the way of others; and very false views have been presented to the world in regard to the nature of the deep, and *heart-renewing work of repentance*,—by the frequent and unguarded putting forth of statements declaratory of the godly-dying of the worst of criminals. In regard to the repentance of the condemned cell—like that of a brief death-bed—however much the power of the Gospel, the mercy of Jehovah, and the plenitude of redemption in Christ Jesus, may yield to Christian Charity ground for hope,—the previous neglect of the Gospel, and the just provoking of the Divine indignation, with the trampling under-foot the blood of the Cross, must generally give cause, the rather, for doubt and fear. Whilst the *apparent* repentance, then, not being capable of any satisfactory trial, must, in the case of executed criminals, be always uncertain; it is surely most unwise to yield to the depraved pursuers of a

like course of iniquity, the doubtful, if not most fallacious, prospect, that their course of iniquity leaves them still the final and confident refuge of a prison repentance! To encourage the condemned criminal to make trial of the all-sufficient blood of Atonement, is at once the duty and the consolation of the Minister of the Gospel; but to give encouragement to the wicked in their ways of vice, by the publication of unproved cases of penitency among hardened criminals, is alike injurious to the system of the Gospel, and perilous to the souls of men.

But the case now under consideration is essentially different from those referred to. As the foregoing records sufficiently show, Stewart was not a murderer. And as to his spiritual condition, subsequent to his trial, we shall find, I do believe, in these additional particulars, satisfactory indications—to the minds at least of those who themselves know by experience in what saving faith, and soul-renewing repentance consist—that Stewart did really become a converted character!

Introductory to the favourable character now to be exhibited of Captain Stewart,—I feel called upon to make a few observations, in justification of the claim, which may herein be made on the sympathy of the readers of this Memorial, on his behalf. For there is a *sentimentality* of compassion for criminals, now prevalent in the civilized world, very plausible in its amiableness, but at once morbid in its nature, and most mischievous in its tendencies,—betwixt which,

and the call for commiseration, in the case of Captain Stewart, I should wish clearly to discriminate. The feeling to which I refer is of a truly irrational character, seeming, in many instances, to rise in measure with the degree of criminality of the criminal. So far from its being honourable to Christian kindness, it actually confounds and inverts the Christian distinctions betwixt the objects of pity and of blame—bestowing the undeserved commiseration on the culprit, and slighting the unmerited sorrows of those who have been injured by him! Whilst the Christian should maintain the obligation of charity to all men, and of pity, in a Scriptural sense, towards the sufferers among men, though even they suffer from the effects of their own iniquity; yet such pity should be so guarded and directed, as neither to supersede that reasonable and well-tempered *justice*, which is both requisite as “a terror to evil doers,” and as a defence of the good order of society, nor to abstract from that salutary odium of vice, always existing in a healthful condition of the public mind, which is at once an honour and a protection to a nation!

Though such are the views of the author of these Memorials, as to the pernicious tendencies of the sentimental pity for the objects of moral delinquency, in the present day so popular and *fashionable*; yet he ventures to put forth the case of the once awfully misguided commander of the Mary Russell, in the aspect of interest and commiseration, not only because the law of the land, as well as public avowal, has

acquitted him of criminality in the perpetration of his fearful massacre ; but because, likewise, of his having so long survived the period of deceptive first impressions, as now to have evinced, through a series of several years, the reality, as far as human judgment can discriminate, of the work of repentance in his heart, by a consistent, well-defined, and satisfactory profession of godliness. It is true that the penitency of his condition has not been tried by exposure to the usual temptations of the world and the flesh ; but that the spiritual tokens of his state are nevertheless characteristic of real conversion,—the following details of his conduct, experiences, and sentiments, derived from personal intercourse or correspondence with him, may serve to testify.

SECTION II.—*Communications with Captain Stewart, exhibiting the Change in his Condition of Mind.*

BEING on a visit in the South of Ireland in the summer of 1829, I found, on enquiring after Captain Stewart, that he was at that time in confinement in the City Gaol of Cork. The proximity to this city of the residence of the friends with whom I was residing, afforded me the opportunity of again seeing the principal character of this memorial ; the condition of whose mind, after a lapse of a year from the period of his trial, I was anxious to enquire into, conceiving that it might now be investigated, far more satisfactorily, than under the circumstances of existing peril

and excitement when I had before had intercourse with him.

It was on the 18th of August, of the year referred to, when I paid my first visit. The Governor of the gaol, who, in tenderness to the feelings of his prisoner, admitted no one to his cell without his permission, intimated to Captain Stewart my wish to see him. I was invited in; and being instantly recognised, he gratefully welcomed me to his apartment. His appearance now differed from what I had formerly observed, in his complexion being less florid, the expression of his eye less sharp, his manner more subdued, and his dress, from the effects of constant wear, less respectable. The Governor having kindly put him by himself into one of the better wards, not then required, he had abundance of space and convenience. Here his wife was allowed to visit him; and in this apartment, his children, two together, were permitted to spend their time during the day. Two boys of his were present when I entered, with whom he had just been engaged in teaching them writing and arithmetic, which, with the communication to them of religious instruction, was, I found, a part of his daily occupation.

In welcoming me to his apartment, he gave me a ready assurance that he well recollected me, by referring to my former visits to him, and then added—"I knew your father also: was he not a great ship-owner?" On my answering that he was a ship-owner, he said, "I knew him when he was fitting out the

John, about — years ago; she was a teak-built ship. Your father wished me to have gone as his mate to the whale fishery, but I had another engagement which prevented me.”

After this, Stewart began at once to speak of his religious feelings and anxieties, when I was not a little astonished to find, a man, who twelve months before had had very erroneous views of the principles of the Gospel, now speaking on the leading matters both of Christian doctrine and practical godliness, and that with such a degree of accuracy, and with such an extent of knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, as nothing but the most persevering study, under the special teaching of the Holy Ghost, could, in my opinion, having qualified him to do. He soon explained to me the causes, instrumentally, of this astonishing progress. The pious ministrations of the excellent and talented Chaplain and Inspector of the Gaol, Dr. Quarry,—of whom Stewart spoke with the most feeling and affectionate gratitude,—had first opened his mind to the errors of his former pharisaical views, and directed him to the true simplicity and perfection of religious doctrine, in the appropriation to the sinner, by faith, of the blood and righteousness of Christ.

And these views of Divine truth, which, under the blessing of God, had first been opened to him by the Chaplain's teaching, had been progressively carried forward, under the same blessing, by the assiduous and prayerful reading of the Scriptures, to the sur-

prising measure of advancement to which he had now attained.

The ordinary extent of his religious exercises, I ascertained, in the course of my visit, to be as follows:—*Twenty chapters* of the Scriptures, in succession, he had for some time been in the habit of reading *upon his knees*, daily; besides what he read upon his bed, and in the presence of his children. And in addition to his own private prayers, which seemed, when he was alone, to have been almost perpetual, he always commenced his occupation with his children by reading the “Morning Service,” out of the book of Common Prayer, to which he was wont to add some parts of the “Commination Service,” because peculiarly applicable to his individual case. The fifty-first Psalm, which occurs in that service, he particularly pointed out to me, and with a touching expression of feeling repeated the passages,—“Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me.” “Deliver me *from blood-guiltiness*, O God!”

Besides these exercises, he usually concluded his course of daily instruction, by reading the “Evening Prayer;” and then, after his children left him, he devoted the rest of his waking hours to reading, meditation, and prayer. That this was really his daily habit, and that his whole time, at this period, was accustomed to be spent in devotional exercises, or in the instruction of his children, was confirmed to me both by the Governor, and by one of the

medical officers belonging to the gaol, as also by the Chaplain.

His views of religion, I have intimated, were greatly changed. In respect to this, he thus expressed himself. "I used to think," said he, "that my being moral and sober, and having prayers in my ship on Sundays, was enough for my salvation; but now I see the error. All that man can do is nothing, without faith and repentance. I used to think, that because so many were worse than myself, I should have little to fear; and that God would not surely condemn such multitudes of people who were thoughtless and wicked, but spare them from his infinite mercy. But now I see that if he condemned Sodom and Gomorrah, and also the world before the flood, exactly as he had threatened, he would surely condemn every sinner that did not repent and believe the Gospel."

In answer to the question—"whether he was comfortable in his present situation?" he assured me that he was, and also perfectly resigned and content; yea, that he had no desire to be released, but had rather live and die in the place he now occupied! "For," said he, with a distinct perception of the disadvantages he must ever endure, "I am better and safer for my soul's good where I am: if I should be released—every one would point to me, and say, There goes that miserable man who killed his sailors! If I were to go to a place of worship, people would point at me there. And," with a peculiar energy he added, "I

might be tempted to deny that I was the unfortunate Stewart,—and I would rather die than tell a lie!”

As in all this there was every indication not only of a sound mind, but also of “a wise and an understanding heart,” I was anxious to ascertain, by a well-known touchstone in his case, whether the monomania, with which he had been afflicted, was entirely removed. To this end, I asked him, ‘what his present views were respecting the unhappy transaction in the Mary Russell?’ Without either hesitation or apparent excitement, he replied, that ‘his mind, on that subject, had altogether changed; for he now saw that his poor fellows were innocent, and that he committed the act he had done, under the influence of derangement: ‘he was now convinced,’ he proceeded to say, ‘that his mind had been wrong, from the curious visions which he fancied he saw after he came into confinement. Yet one of these visions,’ which he described as consisting of seven lights that appeared in his cell, ‘had given him comfort. He fancied he perceived in it a token, that his poor fellows, being innocent, had found mercy. And this hope,’ he added, ‘was his chief comfort,—that God had heard their earnest prayers at the hour of death; and if so, he had then little to regret concerning them, as what had happened would be their gain.’ In regard to his culpableness in what he had done, ‘he hoped,’ he said, ‘that God would pardon him, and receive him, because he had done it in ignorance; for he could appeal unto Heaven for his veracity when he said,

that he did it under the strongest conviction that he was driven to it by the greatest necessity—firmly believing, at the time, that there was no other means in the world of saving his own life.’

In the course of my conversation with him, he brought forward a great number of passages of Scripture, in which he had met with difficulties, asking me for explanations. Several of these, I perceived, were the leading texts on which different errors of the Roman Catholic Church are attempted to be maintained; with which errors, he had formerly been tainted, from the circumstance, probably, of his wife being of that communion, or of his constant intercourse with the members of the Romish Church. ‘Hence, though he was a Protestant,’ he confessed, ‘he could not help sometimes praying for the souls of his poor men:—it could do no harm, he thought, and he found comfort in doing so.’ The passages bearing upon the doctrine of Purgatory most perplexed him; and he appeared much relieved and delighted when I explained to him the case of the raising of Samuel, by the witch of Endor; for, from that case being made so satisfactory to him, ‘there could be no doubt,’ he inferred, ‘that all the rest might be equally well explained.’

Understanding that his life had been a very adventurous one, I referred to what I had heard; and he related the following instance of an astonishing deliverance which he had experienced from shipwreck.

In the month of December, 1825, he was attempting to bring a small schooner, of only 30 tons burden, and five hands, across the Atlantic from America, deeply laden with deals. Soon after leaving the coast, they encountered so heavy a gale, as to oblige them to heave-to. The personal attendance of the crew on deck, where they were greatly exposed, being now useless, all hands, excepting one, retreated to the cabin. Providentially, the one who was left in turn to look out, had occasion to go below, when, at the very moment, the vessel was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her so completely over, that a large chest, belonging to one of the crew, was pitched from the cabin floor against the *coamings* of the skylight, and some papers that lay on the Captain's bed were struck up against the roof of the state-room! In this awful condition they remained but a few moments—the closeness of the hatches and skylight, with the solid construction of the stern, preventing their being at once inundated—when the deck cargo having separated, the vessel righted. They all now rushed upon deck, terrified at the extraordinary event that had occurred. After the first alarm had subsided, two men were set to clear the wreck about the decks, whilst the rest went to some requisite duty below,—when another heavy sea was shipped. This struck the mainmast, near the deck, with such violence, as not only to carry it away, but to hurl, by the re-action, the head of the mast over the side to *windward*! It also broke all the deck beams, and

washed overboard two poor fellows who were exposed to its action. One of them, however, after going under the vessel's bottom, got entangled in the wreck of the mast, as he rose to windward, and was hauled safely on board;—the other perished!

The vessel, after this, strained so much, that, to prevent her falling to pieces, they set themselves to work to *swifter* the sides together with a hawser, (an operation described, in the account of St. Paul's tempestuous voyage towards Rome, as "under-girding the ship"); and in this they so far succeeded as to prevent the threatened calamity. They also let go their anchor, though in deep water, allowing the cable to run out to the end; by the resistance of which, the schooner's head was kept somewhat towards the sea, so as to preserve them from being overwhelmed with the waves. For six days they continued in a state of extreme peril, the gale not having subsided during the whole of that time; when, being reduced to the last extremity of suffering and despair, they descried a ship approaching them. Providentially the schooner lay directly in her track, so as to bring the two vessels within hail of each other. At no small risk of his masts and sails, the kindly stranger hauled suddenly to, and after making a tack to windward, hoisted out his long-boat. But the highly excited hopes of the little crew were almost sunk into despair, when they observed, that, from the heavy sea that was still running, the boat filled alongside. The persevering

benevolence of the Captain, however, prevailed over this discouragement. With very masterly address, he recovered his boat; and, having again beat up to the foundering schooner, suddenly dropped it into the sea, secured by a hawser, and passed it clear astern. It was then manned over the stern, and speedily came within reach of the anxious little party—all of whom were thus rescued from their desperate condition.

In remarking upon this extraordinary deliverance, Captain Stewart observed, 'that he ascribed his subsequent misfortunes to his neglect of this providential warning, and to the breaking of the vows which he then made. He had vowed before God, in his extremity of despair, that if He would this time spare him, he would live to his service and glory; but when safety was attained, he soon forgot his vows, and therefore a worse thing came upon him!'

Captain Stewart expressed himself so much relieved and comforted by my conversation with him,—so grateful for this little attention—'I being the only person except Mr. — to whom, he said, he could freely unbosom himself,'—and so anxious to see me again, that I was induced to repeat my visit the next day. In the interval, I had some conversation, respecting Stewart, with the Rev. Dr. Quarry—with whom I had become accidentally acquainted, immediately after leaving the gaol,—who corroborated the opinion I had formed as to the improved religious

condition of the prisoner. He stated it to be his then decided conviction, from what he had observed in the case of Stewart, that 'a saving change had taken place in his heart!' The Governor also spoke of his good behaviour, of his unwearied diligence in instructing his children, and of his constancy in religious exercises. By all of which evidence I was more and more confirmed in the hope and belief, that this extraordinary man had found mercy at the hands of a merciful God. And such was the influence of this conviction on my own mind, that the man on whom I had at first looked with an indescribable feeling of horror, I now beheld in sympathizing kindness,—with mixed emotions of compassion, admiration and astonishment.

Stewart himself, speaking in an humble and Christian-like manner of the tokens of a spiritual change in his own heart, made this remark,—'that one of the evidences from which he derived much comfort was, his being able freely to forgive his greatest enemies, some of whom (the friends of the poor men he had killed,) he knew were thirsting for his blood; and he did not blame them, but could earnestly pray for them, which he did almost daily, that God would forgive them, and turn their hearts. This, he hoped, was a favourable sign, as he thought a man in his unconverted state could not *love* his enemies as he did!' Another corroborating observation was, 'that he found every part of Scripture applying personally, as if written for himself,' which

he very aptly illustrated by a reference to the histories of Saul and Hazeel.* Men ignorant of the nature of conversation,' he also remarked, 'would wonder at *his* hopes, who had been so great a sinner, and would say *they* surely need not despair: but,' he justly and scripturally explained, adding,—“no extent or depth of sin *can* be too great for the efficacy of the blood of Christ, in which is all my hope.”

As I parted from him, he anxiously entreated my prayers, and then, with an affecting and elevated excitement, spoke in this remarkable manner:—“You see before you, Sir, the greatest curiosity in the world,—a man who has had the misery of killing seven of his fellow-creatures, and yet God has given him the hope of salvation through the blood of Christ, and permits him to remain here in safety, and to sleep in peace! Because I did it in ignorance and under a deranged mind, the Lord had mercy upon me.”

SECTION III.—*Further Communications, personally, and by Correspondence, with Capt. Stewart, after a Relapse of his former Disorder.*

WITHIN a twelvemonth of the time of the communications with Captain Stewart just recorded, I became again a temporary resident in the neighbourhood of the place of his confinement. In the mean

* Acts xxvi. 10, and 1 Timothy i. 13; 2 Kings viii. 13.

time the pitiable prisoner had relapsed, I found, into a state of violent derangement. At the period of my former visits to him, he appeared to me to be in a *sound* condition of mind, and, in the opinion of some of those more immediately around him, had been so for several months previous to that time. The lucid interval seemed to have been permitted to him in special mercy,—the Lord having distinctly shown him his error and delusion, in respect to the frightful slaughter of which he had been the instrument, and likewise had made known to him, apparently, His great salvation, through the power of His grace. Then again was the afflictive dispensation of his former pitiable malady renewed. But it was far more severe and decisive. On the former occasion of his mental aberration, so much of sound sense, and of rational powers, was, on the great majority of subjects, retained, that many persons greatly questioned the reality of his derangement. Now, however, the matter was placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. His disease was no longer mere monomania, but absolute madness! He was obliged to be put under restraint, and, for a time, secured to his bed. A spirited and remarkable sketch, now in my possession, was taken of him during this attack, by a fellow-maniac in the Cork Lunatic Asylum, to which Stewart had been previously removed. It represents him throwing off his blanket—his sole covering—and stretching out his arms, with his uplifted countenance, towards Heaven—whilst he energetically and

solemnly protested his innocence of the *crime* with which he had been charged!

Having passed through this violent attack, Stewart, for some time previous to my return to Ireland, had been slowly recovering. His previous excitement and violence had changed, by ordinary re-action, into anxiety and depression. And still, on some points, he continued decidedly insane.

Such was his condition when I was informed that, having heard of my being in the country, he had expressed an earnest desire to see me. In accordance with this wish, as well as from a real feeling of commiseration towards him, I paid him a visit, at the Asylum, on the 7th of August, 1830. Approaching him without any previous intimation, I found him kneeling on the stone floor of his cell, apparently quite absorbed, reading the Bible. Instantly recognising me, he arose from his knees, earnestly seized my hand, and blessed God for the privilege of seeing me. 'God was angry with him,' he said, 'one evidence of which, he had long been thinking, was, that neither myself, nor the Rev. Doctor Quarry,' to whom he was much attached, 'came near him. There was no one about him,' he added, 'to whom he could unbosom himself, or, being like-minded, from whom he could obtain instruction or comfort! He rejoiced exceedingly on seeing me, and thought that God had sent me to console him in his affliction.' His mind was greatly harassed, I found, with similar fears of personal injury being designed against him,

as had possessed him when he committed the dreadful act for which he was incarcerated. My decided assurance that he was under a mistake, seemed greatly to relieve him; for instead of rejecting the opinion with the usual tenacity of the maniac, he seemed to receive it confidingly, and to take the comfort of it. But lunatic, as he evidently was,—his tenderness of conscience, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his habit of applying their contents practically to himself, were even at this time such, as might have served both for example and edification to many who are accounted to be of the religious world! An example of his tenderness of conscience was on this visit indicated,—affording a striking proof of his innocence from *blood-guiltiness* in the sad transaction so often referred to,—which may here be properly adduced. ‘One circumstance,’ he informed me, ‘pressed heavily upon his conscience, which, though it might affect his life, if known, he would freely reveal to me. Before God he could solemnly aver, that, when he committed the melancholy deed upon his poor men, he thought himself fully justified in it,—yea, driven to it by necessity, and directed to it, as he then thought, by the finger of Providence. But yet in respect of the man Howes, whom he so severely wounded, he confessed he was guilty. “When I found him loose in the hold,” said he, “and thought it necessary either to secure him or to kill him, the thought passed through my mind that he *might possibly* be innocent; but when he threatened my life

if he could get at me, I was urged to fire at him, in order to save my own life by taking his! But," added he, "I know I did wrong in attacking him when such a thought crossed my mind. For this, God, I fear, is angry with me; and for this I should perhaps yet suffer if it was known,—and I think I ought to suffer! If it be the will of God, I am ready to die. God surely requires my life. For the Scripture says—'He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy:'—I showed no mercy, and I fear I shall find none!"

Another circumstance likewise harassed his mind. 'In detailing the events of his adventurous voyage to the Governor of the asylum, he had asserted,' he said, 'his innocence before God; and he had improperly declared, that he did not think that God held him guilty for the blood which he had shed, seeing he had done it in ignorance.'—"But," in words to this effect, he added,—“there I was wrong; I spoke presumptuously, and men might think that I boasted in what I had done: and the Lord has been displeased with me for it. I ought to have been humbled for my sins, and spoken with more lowliness and self-abasement.”

His conscience was also pained, he said, by another circumstance: "When poor Raynes lay bound in the cabin, he mentioned the name of God; but thinking it was hypocrisy, I then reproached him, saying, The devil is your God!"

He was further distressed by the belief that an

opinion had gone abroad that he was a vile *murderer*—a report so unjust to himself, and so injurious to his family. I told him that I had taken notes respecting his case, which, if published, might serve to remove such an impression where it unhappily prevailed. This seemed to give him much satisfaction.

His love and reverence for the Holy Scriptures, as evinced by his manner of reading them, with his knowledge of the words of Inspiration and of Divine things, were, on this occasion, found to be as remarkable as on my previous visits.

After the manner of the Psalmist, seven times a day he was now wont, I found, to bow himself before God; and to the extent of about twenty chapters each day, he was in the habit of reading the Scriptures on his knees, besides the reading of the Morning and Evening Prayers of the Church. And in proof that he read not as a mere self-righteous performance, it may be satisfactorily urged, that *numerous* Scriptures, applying to his own *peculiar case*, were quoted to me in succession; and that large portions from the Prophets, as well as from the Evangelists and Apostles, were repeated from memory, with strict and verbal accuracy; and, generally, with a due reference, and often with a striking application, to the subject of conversation.

‘He knew that he had been mad,’ he said; and he lamented the absurdness of his views and the presumptuousness of his declarations when in that state. ‘He thought he had seen visions, and even now he

fancied he saw strange things ; but it was very shocking for him to state such things as he had !'

Besides his fears respecting his life, another apprehension was, at this time, greatly distressing him, lest his repentance should not have been real, and his sins, therefore, not forgiven. On this subject, indeed, his anxiety seemed bordering on despair. This feeling, I thought it right to endeavour to counteract, by recalling to his mind the evidences he had formerly had of the reality of his faith—by appeals to his present convictions, whether his views and feelings were not in real accordance with the Scriptural characteristics of a believer in Christ?—and by suggesting the enquiry, whether the deep depression, respecting his spiritual state, under which he now suffered, might not be the result of the machinations of the Enemy of Souls attacking his comforts through the delusion of his mind ?

On recapitulating these considerations, as I was about to depart, I urged him, as frequently aforetime, with a view to his spiritual comfort and well-being, to look more to that Almighty Saviour, who is the sinner's only refuge, and less to himself in despondency for sin ; to remember in his looking to Christ, that " the blood of the Cross " is of unlimited efficacy, cleansing from *all sin*, and surely sufficient for the cleansing of *his* ; to strive, rather, to fix the anchor of the soul on the consolations of the Gospel, than to allow himself, unresistingly, to drift away in the current of despair ; to recall his former evidences of a

saving condition, so as by God's present dealings with him to draw this appointed consolation—that his afflictions were not to be viewed as the punishment of an angry God, but rather as the chastisement of a heavenly Father.

Grasping my hand, when I concluded my address to him, his eyes filled with tears, as, with affecting earnestness, he spoke to this effect—"May God bless you: you have done me much good: I know that God has sent you to me in mercy: you have spoken by the Spirit of God, for I feel it in my heart!"

Surely the reflections—the devotions—the studying of the Scriptures of this extraordinary inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, might read a powerful and profitable lesson to many who are already esteemed wise among Christians!

On the 16th of November, in the following year, 1831, I had again an opportunity of visiting the Cork Lunatic Asylum. Stewart was at that time calm, and comparatively rational, and had been so, I was told, for some months previous. He was employed rigging and fitting up a large model of a ship—five or six feet in length—which he had nearly completed; it was in good taste, of correct proportions, and of really clever workmanship. He hoped by the sale of it, he informed me, when finished, to obtain some help for his almost starving family. As on former occasions, he appeared much delighted to see me, and soon entered into those usual subjects of conversation which evidently came most directly from his heart. He

spoke of his own religious experiences and temptations, which he illustrated and explained by numerous, correct, and appropriate quotations from the Scriptures. He recalled to my remembrance several suggestions which I made, and admonitions which I gave to him, when I first saw him in the City Gaol after his trial, and showed me that he had really and satisfactorily applied them. 'Having now,' he said, 'an humble yet confident hope of obtaining forgiveness at the hands of God, through the blood of the Cross, he was very desirous of departing from this earthly state.' But whilst he thus spoke, the whole tenor of his conversation showed, that he was willing, whether for life or for death, that the good pleasure of God should be done.

Having given my former conversations with Captain Stewart so much in detail—to an extent, I fear, which some of my readers may have felt tedious—and having recorded sufficient facts for the groundwork of a decided judgment on his case,—I shall conclude these records with a few extracts of letters, received from him subsequent to the period of my personal communications, which will serve, I trust, to confirm and establish the opinions concerning him previously put forth.*

* The case of Captain Stewart, as herein set forth, the author takes advantage of a note to explain, has been drawn up, he trusts and believes, without either prejudice on the one hand, or undue partiality on the other. As to his religious condition, to which the author more particularly refers, he would wish the records of the various conversations held with him, together with the consistency of his behaviour

The first letter addressed to me by this extraordinary character, bearing date the 24th of June, 1832, includes,—besides much that is characteristic of a pious condition, and some things indicative of the remains of mental excitement—the following passage:—“Oh, how thankful am I to the Almighty for his beloved Son coming into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief, and for the comfort he has left us in his Gospel. But were it not for the goodness of God leading us to repentance, we should be left in the dark. How careful and cautious should we be not to believe in vain, by letting go the greatest of all gifts, the Truth,—the knowledge of which, nothing can equal; for Solomon justly observes, that rubies are not to be compared to it.”

In his next letter, dated “Lunatic Asylum, 4th July, 1833,”—after referring to my answer to his former communication, he writes,—“You will be now truly gratified when I can assure you that every earnest wish you expressed in it, respecting my spiritual consolation and welfare, has been bestowed on me by the LORD, so that I earnestly entreat your kindest acknowledgments to the LORD for his mercies, who has not only rendered my lot easy, but truly happy,—for I enjoy the comforts of the spirit of love which worketh by faith, and which has cast out all fear; so that the life I now live is by faith in the Son

before others, and his pious habits and devotional exercises in private, simply and directly to speak; for whilst God alone knoweth the secrets of the heart, man must be content to judge of the state of the heart by the fruits which appear.

of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me; and I am filled with that comfort which the world can neither give nor take away."

"When I was out in the world, and had, I may say, what the world terms all things, I thought I wanted nothing; at the same time I was actually naked and destitute of all things that tend to make us happy;*—but since the Lord lay his heavy hand on me, I found out this great secret, and I look back on the dark days of my distress now, as the best spent moments of my life: for I have been counselled by the Lord, and have been buying gold tried in the fire, and white raiment that I may not appear naked in the great day of need.†

"What an inexpressible blessing it is for me that the Lord caused [causes] me at all times to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to believe his word, that I should be filled—which I am, blessed be his Holy Name,—and that this wine and milk *are* to be bought without money and without price.

"Though I am separated from my family, still the Lord does not suffer me to repine at it, since it is his blessed will; and I think often of St. Paul's words—They that have wives, be as though they had none; for our time here, comparatively speaking, is so short, that we cannot make too good a use of it.

"As the Lord inclined my heart to seek *first* the kingdom of heaven, so He has been graciously pleased to add all temporals for the body to me. I am now

* See Revelation iii. 17.

† *Id.* chap. iii. 18.

as respectably clothed as when I was out in the world; and as for eating, Dr. Osborne has never let me know the want of comfortable diet, and I enjoy great privileges from the Governor still, for which I am truly grateful to God and them.

“You will be pleased to hear that my little mechanical works, which you directed me to pursue, have added many pounds to the support of my family, for which I am truly grateful to the Doctor and Governor, who have at all times encouraged me, and greatly assisted me.”

In conclusion of his letter he adds,—“I have believed Christ’s word, and he has fulfilled his blessed promise, by letting me know the truth, and the truth has made me free;*” and He that hath begun a good work in me will not forsake me,† for no man can come to Him but by his heavenly Father; and him that cometh to me, saith He, I will in no wise cast out.‡ Neither shall any be able to pluck us out of his hands,§ for he has paid the debt for us, and the Enemy of Souls can have no further claim on us.”

In another letter, from the same place, dated September 3rd, 1834, are the following remarks:—

“My dear reverend Friend,—It behoves us all to attend to what our blessed Saviour says to all—*Watch!* for it is certain we know not the hour of his coming. What a blessing it is when the Lord takes us in hand to chasten us for our profit! Though

* See John viii. 31, 32.

† Phil. i. 6.

‡ John vi. 44, 37.

§ John x. 28.

human nature thinks no chastening for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. I am truly thankful to the Lord, who has in the clearest manner verified this passage of Scripture in me. And not only this, my beloved Sir, but I really feel all those blessed promises to the penitent sinner, fulfilled in me, and can truly say, I never knew what true happiness was until I came to Christ." "The Lord in much mercy melted me down to a proper sense of my ingratitude, and suffered me to feel the absence of his reconciled presence, that I may [might] know with the prodigal son, the dreadful folly of parting with a kind and indulgent heavenly Father, and the better how to appreciate his merciful and bountiful favours to me the *Chief of Sinners*!—who has by blessed experience been restored to His favour, through the merits and intercession of our ever blessed and adorable Redeemer."

Comparing himself further with the prodigal, "when clothed and received kindly by his earthly father," he adds,—“which is so beautiful an emblem of our heavenly Father’s willingness to receive us, if we will be only willing to accept his merciful favour, on the glorious Gospel terms.”

Speaking of his own comforts in religion, he says—“I feel the Scripture truly verified in me—‘Thou wilt keep that man in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed upon thee’—this is my happy state;—always

bearing about in the mind the dying of the Lord Jesus—feeling no confidence in the flesh—and that without Christ I [can] do nothing, but with him all things! Probably the earth does not produce one whom the Lord has dealt more mercifully with than with me; for he has inclined my heart and soul, constantly to be looking to him, through Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. And [through] his loving Spirit, he has added another great blessing, by putting his fear into my heart, that I may never again depart from him.” “Surely no one who has suffered what I have, but would part with his life much rather than with the Spirit of Christ, which alone is able to make us happy, both throughout time and eternity.”

To these extracts I add no comments. By those readers who are themselves living in the sincere and devoted spirit of godliness, they will be felt, I think, to be indicative of a state of mind, in no small measure accordant with the scripturally described characteristics of one sincerely repentant.

CHAPTER IV.

REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE "MEMORIAL
OF THE MARY RUSSELL."SECTION I.—*On the Nature and Discrimination of
Providential Guidance.*

THAT the Creator of the Universe should regard with special care the works of his own hands, we might have inferred from the mere light of reason. That He doth so regard this lower world in which we have our habitation, in the exercises of a particular Providence—governing or guiding, controlling or restraining, impelling or influencing the actions and destinies of mankind—is a truth, written, as by a sunbeam, in almost every page of the sacred volume. In another Memorial,—“SABBATHS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS,”—we have endeavoured to illustrate the doctrine of a particular Providence, and have advocated its observance:—in the circumstances of the present Memorial, however, we find occasion for guarding the doctrine against enthusiastic perversion, or dangerous presumption.

There are few characteristics of a pious condition of mind more satisfactory, than the habitual observing,

and conscientious following, of "the finger of God" in Providence. For in proportion as men advance in spiritual knowledge and experience, their watchfulness of, and regard to, Providential indications, are found to increase. The spiritually enlightened mind perceives a Providence in every trouble or trial, perplexity or vexation, loss or disappointment, as well as in every blessing or happy endowment. He realizes a voice, as it were, either instructing or warning, admonishing or rebuking, in every passing event of life. In brief, as he knows that the hand of God is either directly or permissively in everything, he believes that in everything there must be some lesson, and, if his piety be truly elevated and practical, he endeavours to learn it.

But if such be the habit of mind characteristic of elevated piety, it is a characteristic, we may perceive, for which superstition may possibly be mistaken—a habit which may, possibly, be betrayed into enthusiasm. Our security against fatal mistakes, or presumptuous abuses, of the external leadings of Providence, is the strict and rigid testing of our ways or purposes by the principles of Revelation—the testing, not by particular precepts, which may have only a partial application; not by peculiar cases in Scripture history, which may have resulted from special appointment; not by insulating passages which are only to be understood in their whole connection;—but, by the broad and unequivocal rule of Divine Truth. If, according to our rendering of the book

of Providence, we are directed, on the one hand, to that which is clearly and obviously good—so that our zeal be inflamed, our diligence be excited, our benevolence encouraged, our holiness be advanced, our usefulness, humility, self-denial, or heavenly-mindedness be promoted,—let us confidently regard the suggestions we receive, and diligently follow them in the name of the Lord ! But if, by *apparent* Providences, we are encouraged, on the other hand, to fulfil the wayward, selfish, or revengeful propensities of our nature—“to do evil that good may come,”—or, like Captain Stewart, to commit acts of severity under the semblance of justice, or to take away the lives of others under a questionable apprehension of personal danger,—let us be on our guard ; the beacon-light is not that of God’s Providence, but an *ignis fatuus* of Satan, calculated only to mislead and betray us. If, moreover, the Word of Truth, as interpreted with the strictest regard to moral rule and Gospel principle, do not sanction the reading of the outward signs, the reading must be false, or the signs themselves not of God. If the indications, therefore, be doubtful, let us pause and pray for heavenly guidance ; if their tendency be evil, let us unhesitatingly reject them. In either case it is dangerous to follow them.

And these observations apply not merely to the trial of outward Providences—such as in the case of Jonah, when having found a ship sailing to Tarshish, he imagined he had there gained his purpose, as if

Providence were assisting him in fleeing from the presence of God,—but also to peculiar inward impressions, suggestions, impulses, monitions. For as such peculiar impressions may be derived either from the Spirit of God, or from Satan,—their tendency will depend on the source from whence they spring, whilst the source will in some measure be determinable by the nature of the tendency. The inward impressions from God, will certainly be good; His suggestions for guidance and assistance in the way of duty or safety will be obviously for good; but the thoughts and impulses from Satan will as certainly tend to evil,—his influences, proving the prevalent sources of temptation, and incitements to ungodliness, will be obviously malevolent. Hence, whilst from such mental monitions, when really from God, feelings and suggestions may be derived, calculated for our furtherance and well-being in life and in godliness; yet from similar impressions, otherwise produced, the most false and ruinous misguidance may unhappily result.

Examples of the two kinds of impressions, among a variety of others in the sacred writings, we find in the cases of Nehemiah and Ananias. As to Nehemiah, when influenced to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem for the security and well-being of the returning Israelites, we find it scripturally declared, that ‘God put it into his heart to do it:’* and as to Ananias, when he attempted to deceive the Apostles of our

* Nehemiah ii. 12.

Lord by a false return of the price of a property which he had sold, we are informed by St. Peter concerning the influence under which he acted, 'that Satan had filled his heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost.' * Where, therefore, the mind of man is susceptible of impressions so dissimilar, both as to their sources and tendencies—all such impressions should be well scrutinised, and rigidly tested, before they are received as principles of action. For whilst many persons, no doubt, have, in such wise, been "moved by the Holy Ghost" to great and excellent purposes; others, even among sincere Christians, have been tempted, if not to the performance of acts like that committed by Captain Stewart, at least to unjustifiable courses, or ungodly severity. The only absolute guide, as to impressions of a doubtful origin, or questionable tendency, is the word of Revelation. All Scripture being given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost,—all suggestions to the mind, by the Holy Ghost, will necessarily bear a strict accordance and perfect parallelism with such Scripture. And it should be well remembered, that the Holy Spirit doth not, in His usual influences, give *new* inspirations; but operates chiefly, through these two media—the *natural conscience* and the *words of Revelation*. With those to whom Revelation has been made known, there is a solemn responsibility to verify every inward impression, by this standard; and for those who think they have received any communi-

* Acts v. 3.

cation direct from God, there is a simple rule for testing it, scripturally laid down,—‘to the law and to the testimony; if it speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in it.’*

Though the melancholy misguidance of Captain Stewart, by an erroneous reading of the book of Divine Providence, may claim, as appears from the issue of his trial, a reference to a peculiar rule; yet as many other persons, when under excitement rather than unsoundness of mind, have, in different well-known instances, been acted upon, apparently, by similar impressions and parallel reasonings, with a most baneful tendency,†—I have thought it not irrelevant to bring forward these reflections to which the circumstances of the present Memorial have given rise.

SECTION II.—*On the Mystery of Providence in the awful Transactions described in this Memorial.*

THOUGH we have already glanced at the mystery of the Divine government in the catastrophe we have been considering, and of the benefit which we ought to seek from such dispensations; yet a few further

* Isaiah viii. 20.

† Of the pernicious effects of uncontrolled excitements in religious professors, and of the evils resulting from an untested admission of mental impressions, as being the direct influence of the Holy Ghost,—we have melancholy evidence among the disciples of the late excellent, but, as we believe, mentally misguided Rev. Edward Irving. Mr. Robert Baxter’s “Narrative of Facts, characterizing the supernatural manifestations in members of Mr. Irving’s congregation,” and others—exhibits both the mischief, and the peril, of a superstitious following of mere monitions, by a great variety of examples.

observations may not be unprofitably bestowed, with a view to the clearing away of a portion of the difficulty which such subjects are supposed to present against the doctrine of a particular Providence.

The indications of a *difference* in the issues of life with the various individuals among men,—the cutting short, oftentimes, as by a mere breath of air, of the life of the most vigorous, and the prolonging, through extraordinary perils and hardships, of the lives of others comparatively feeble,—are so perpetually, and manifestly, exhibited, that both heathens and sceptics have been constrained to admit, that some mysterious power beyond the *control* of man must be in operation affecting the destinies of our species—which power these have designated '*fate*.' But the indications of a secretly controlling, restraining, and influencing power, which heathens and sceptics, in their ignorance or unbelief, refer to an arbitrary and superstitiously-imagined fatality, we, by the revelation of God, do certainly know to belong to a wise and particular Providence. And, however inexplicable the preservation of one man, rather than another, may appear,—however mysterious it may seem, when some are prematurely cut off in spite of a thousand chances of escape, whilst others are delivered notwithstanding the most complicated and mortal perils,—yet the cause of the difference, with the explanation of the phenomena, are most assuredly involved in the scripturally developed doctrine of Divine Providence. For whilst, to this conclusion,

the general tenor of the sacred Oracles bears unequivocal testimony,—numerous distinct propositions of Revelation, unequivocally assert the important truth. Thus is it written—"it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:" there is "a time to be born, and a time to die."

But this determination of the time and circumstances, under which mankind must encounter the resistless power of death, seems to be of a diverse nature, being (not now to enquire into the operation of natural laws as to the effects of varieties of constitution) either *by the direct appointment of God*, or *by his special permission*. Whether, therefore, the mandate be to the unfruitful fig-tree,—“Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground;” or whether it be to the righteous,—“Take him away from the evil to come,” it is equally the act of God. And whether the method or instrument of death be disease or old age, accident or calamity; whether it be by the judgment of the law, or by murderous violence; yet there is a *legitimate sense* in which the sentence may be said to be executed by Divine appointment. Hence the Prophet Amos asks,—“shall there be *evil* in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?”—whilst Jehovah himself directly asserts the same doctrine, saying,—“I make peace, and *create evil*; [that is natural, not moral evil;] I the Lord do all these things.” Wherefore we conclude, that in every stroke of death, the hand of God is there. In natural deaths, or in deaths by unavoidable accident, we seem to

have the *direct* appointment of God; and in deaths by our own fault and presumptuous daring, or by the hands of wicked men, we discern again a Divine appointment in, at least, a *permissive Providence*.

Though, however, we thus decide that there is a Providence in every mode of death, both good and bad,—as well when life is taken by the murderous hand of ruffian man, as when the visitation comes by disease or decay of nature,—yet we must be careful not to ascribe to God the sinful acts, which hasten, beyond the speed of nature, nature's dissolution. To God pertains the Providence, as well as the design of good; to Him belongs the ultimate end—the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, with the promotion of the Divine Glory; but *to us*, assailed by Satan's influence, and wrought upon by a corrupt nature, belongs the sin. The event is permitted, controlled, or directed by wisdom and mercy, infinite; but the sinful act, connected with the event, is the act of sinful man.

Does any professed believer in Revelation say, then, that these great events, which involve the eternal interests of immortal souls, are events of chance? A sparrow falls not to the ground by chance—a hair of our head perishes not by chance,—How then shall the lives of those immortal beings, for whom the world, with all its beauties, was created, and for whose redemption the Son of God came down from Heaven and died upon the Cross, be less the objects of our Heavenly Father's care, than the

sparrows, which he feeds, or the hairs of our head, which are all numbered? Shall such a precious endowment be permitted to be flung to and fro, like a mote on the wings of the wind, by a blind and reckless chance? No! whatever man may do to us—however accident may injure us—whatever evil may assail us—however disease may attack us—whatever danger may threaten us,—it is not—it cannot be—either the effect of fate or chance. For the Lord ruleth in the earth, and ‘our times are in His hand!’

In the appalling subject that we have been considering, we have a powerful illustration of these Scriptural truths. For, in this unparalleled transaction, we find a maniac overcoming, and then putting to death, seven individuals, every one of them apparently more powerful than himself. We find the subjects of his daring purposes, unsuspicious of his suspicious dealings with them; unapprehensive when he reefed and furled the sails in preparation for his artful designs; scarcely alarmed when he attempted to tie them, and unresisting when he placed them in helpless bondage. No one previously bound attempted to warn his unsuspecting comrades yet at liberty; no one freed himself, or tried, apparently, to free his neighbour; no one provided any means of self-defence in case of being assailed; no one reserved, or could reserve, a hand at liberty to cover his defenceless head! What can we understand from such an unaccountable infatuation, but that

their time was now fulfilled, or else that they were more insane than their maniacal Captain? Surely the dreadful carnage was *permitted* by the Providence of Heaven, because their hour was come: yet it was a mysterious, as well as a dreadful, visitation, and we must speak of "the might of God's terrible acts" with humility and reverence.

The general proposition, already put forth, with reference to the appointment of death, is—that whatever be the means of death, the hand of God, either directly or permissively, is there. If the instrument be the arm of the wicked, it is 'the Lord's sword,' and can accomplish no more than he allows; if the means be the ordinary apparatus of national conflicts, then these are 'His battle-axe and weapons of war, wherewith the Lord breaketh in pieces the nations, and destroyeth the kingdoms' devoted to destruction.* Thus, sometimes the instrument is the *sea*,—as in the overthrow of the hosts of Pharaoh in ancient times; and as in the present loss of life among our sailors and emigrant voyagers, by

* See Isaiah x. 5, 15; xiii. 5; xiv. 5, 6; xxxvii. 26; Jeremiah 1, 23; li. 20, 23; Micah iv. 13; Zechariah ix. 13, 14; Matthew xxii. 7.—On the doctrine indicated by these various texts, the Rev. Thomas Scott, in his admirable Commentary on the Bible, makes the following, among many other, wise observations:—"The Lord selects and sets apart the weapons of his wrath, who are *of themselves* disposed to the work in which he purposes to employ them; and while they rejoice in gratifying their selfish passions, they unintentionally perform his righteous judgments. He invests them with power, affords them favourable opportunities, gives them helpers, and endues them with intrepidity; and thus the Lord of Hosts 'mustereth the hosts of the battle:' with furious tumult they march from the ends of the earth to assault their enemies, and they are not aware that they are only the *weapons of his indignation*."—*Practical Observations on Isaiah xiii.*

thousands, in every year that passes. Sometimes it is the *battle* fulfilling the Divine will, as the sword of the Children of Israel against the original nations of Canaan;—sometimes it is the famine, the pestilence, the whirlwind, the earthquake, the lightning, or the storm; and sometimes the murderous hand of reprobate man.

But it might be objected, that such a doctrine concerning the appointment of premature death, seems to charge the God of Heaven with partiality or inequitable severity. And, it might be asked, would not the impenitent soul, suddenly hurried into the presence of its Creator by murderous hand, or by unavoidable calamity, be able to say—"I had not *time* to repent: though I was a barren fig-tree, had I been spared another year, I might have become fruitful?" Might not the impenitent youth, cut off in the prime of life, be able to plead,—“If I had been spared till mature years, I should have seen my folly, and repented!”

Whatever be the essential truth as to the doctrine of a particular Providence, this proposition is unquestionable,—that ‘the Judge of all the earth must do right.’ And of this, doubtless, will the wicked of every rank and of every age be solemnly convinced, when they shall be called ‘to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body;’ yea, rather than contend before that awful tribunal, either as to the inequitable-ness or hardship of their case,—self-condemned and

abased they will call on the mountains, saying, "fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." For, not only must the great Jehovah do right, but, no doubt, his conduct will condescendingly be justified before assembled worlds; so that unquestionable proof will be given, that "the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works!"

That all the dealings of Jehovah in Providence are consistent with his perfections, whether we, in our short-sightedness, can perceive it or not, is certain. But an enlarged view of Providence, with reference to an eternal world, will enable us to discover, in many cases otherwise mysterious, not merely this necessary consistency, but a glimpse of the wisdom which we know *must* be involved even in these apparently dark dispensations. As, in the economy of Providence, "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the *judgment*," we cannot doubt that the fixing of the period of death must have a special reference to that momentous ordeal. Whilst, therefore, we consider death to be always, in the sense explained, a Divine appointment, both as to its method and as to its time; this we hold to be by no means *an arbitrary appointment*. But, both from Scriptural testimony, and from the unquestionable goodness of God, we may safely conclude, that the *time* of death is *an appointment of goodness and mercy*: so that there is more mercy, even to the sufferer by calamity or violence, in the divinely-

appointed stroke, than there would be in the prolonging of his life to future years. This proposition, I apprehend, may be rendered at least intelligible, by a mere reference to the *foreknowledge* of a merciful God. By reference to this doctrine we can easily understand, how the Lord *may* fix a period to his forbearance or mercy, so as to be most consistent with the real good of the disobedient as well as of the righteous, and, at the same time, the most conducive to the advancement of His own glory.

In this way we can conceive how the *goodness* of God may be manifested, as well by the death of the wicked, as by the death of the righteous. The righteous, we know, are often 'taken away from the evil to come,'—and that is in mercy: so the wicked, if prevented from accomplishing more and grosser iniquities, will be spared a deeper condemnation, and that is a mercy. Those sinners, the Amalekites, were commanded to be destroyed; and their destruction was not only in judgment, but, doubtless, in mercy. The appointment that neither *man* nor *woman* should be spared,* was, perhaps, because God foresaw that by sparing them, it would be to aggravate their guilt, therefore to destroy them was mercy. The appointment for the destruction of the helpless *babes* which had not attained to reason or "conscience of sins," might be this: because Infinite Wisdom discerned, perhaps, that if they were spared to grow up, they would follow the courses of their

* 1 Samuel xv. 3, 18.

fathers in wickedness: to save them, therefore, from otherwise inevitable woe, they were taken away, and their removal was a dispensation of mercy. And so, from the analogy of faith, we humbly infer, that when the God of Mercy foresees that to spare the sinners yet longer would be for their greater condemnation—that they would grieve still more his Holy Spirit, and reject still further his offers of mercy—that they would mar the spiritual prosperity of their relations and connections, or otherwise hinder the progress of the Gospel in the world; then, to save *them* from a more aggravated punishment in a future state, and *others* from injury by them, their removal, whatever be the means, may be, in the fulness of truth, an act of mercy!

And such, we may reasonably, and I trust not unscripturally, conclude, might be the purpose of God in permitting the terrible calamity which we have been considering. For, frightful as the result was, the revelation of the day of judgment will doubtless show, that it was a dispensation, viewed with reference to eternity, not inconsistent with goodness and mercy. The suffering and the horror, indeed, were assuredly a weight of woe, as compared with the bliss of life; but they were only as a drop in the ocean, when compared with the boundless expanse of happiness in a future world. The *severity* was but a momentary insulated speck on the stream of time, whilst the *mercy* becometh constant as the overflowing river, and as endless as the range of

eternity! Hence, inscrutable as the ways of Providence in some dispensations necessarily are, yet, by the guidance of Revelation and the analogies of Faith, we may in many cases discern, a purpose of goodness, and an act of mercy. Those among the helpless sufferers, in the catastrophe before us, who, by 'repentance toward God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ,' had been previously secured against the terrors of a final judgment, experienced in the murderous act, a release from a life of toil and suffering, to be advanced to speedy felicity and glory; and those who were not so prepared, if such were among them, were at least delivered from further evils. However man may stand in the great day of account—the God of Heaven must stand justified; and this sentiment of inspiration concerning Jehovah, both men and angels will then fully realize and attest,—

"Thy *Justice*, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy *Providence* the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And Saints to thy protection trust.

With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy Saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts *thy truth display*."

PSALM xxxvi. 6, 7, 9.

SECTION III.—*On the Responsibility of Maniacs.*

WHILST the judicature of our country, in its application to the acts of maniacs, proceeds on the wise and merciful principle—that the unhappy being whom it has pleased the Bestower of reason to deprive of his reason, is no longer amenable to any human tribunal; yet it is by no means to be admitted, as a principle, that the maniac has no responsibility towards God. On the contrary: so far as there may be a conscious predisposition to the fearful malady of insanity, and so far as that predisposition may be under the individual's control, there must be a correlative responsibility. For if the drunkard be considered rigidly accountable to the violated law of man, for the acts done by him in the temporary madness which he has brought upon himself by his wilful self-indulgence; the lunatic may, in some measure, be deemed accountable to the violated laws of God, for any evil committed by him whilst in a state of disease, so far as that disease may have been recklessly developed by his own conscious and wilful indiscretion. For as the moral mania resulting from the excessive indulgence of any passion or vice, might, under a due resistance of the cause, by Divine grace, have been prevented; so it is presumed that the mental or physical mania, to which our constitution may be liable, might, in many cases, be likewise prevented or subdued by proper *personal* resistance and discipline. It is undoubtedly *possible*—as in

many analogous cases experience verifies—that peculiar acts or meditations, which are usually considered as the *effects* of disease, may, from their excessive indulgence, become really the *occasion* of insanity,—because, from the sympathy existing between the mind and body, the indulgence of any irritating feeling, or any violent passion, first produces an injurious effect on the condition of the body, and then that influence reacts, by physical influences, on the mind. Hence the philosophy of that treatment of lunatics, medically, which has been attended with such encouraging success—the endeavour to produce quiescence of mind, along with an improved condition of body; and through an improved habit of body, to correct the excitability and aberrations of the mind. And, except in cases where a defective or permanently deranged organization of the system renders the application of these principles necessarily inefficacious, the results are generally found to be eminently successful.

Now, if these observations be correct; if the indulgence of vice can produce a mania so determined and vicious, that neither regard to worldly interest, nor to future happiness, can restrain it; if the fostering of angry and unchristian passions can be productive of a mania of malice or revenge, which nothing but a fellow-creature's blood can satiate;—it may surely be inferred, on reasonable and admitted principles, that the indulgence of improper feelings, and self-provoked excitement, in a mind constitutionally dis-

posed to aberration, may occasion the development of such a morbid derangement, as shall no longer leave to the unhappy subject of it, either moral consciousness or strength.

If so, must not this particular order of lunatic be in some measure responsible for his acts? Does he not, by the cherishing of irritating or unhallowed passions, which, by God's help, he might at first control, subject himself to that dominion of passion, which, under his feeble tenure of sanity, may overcome all possibility of resistance? Does he not, by facilities voluntarily yielded in wayward indulgences to an unsound constitution, prepare the mansion of the breast for satanic possession, even as if it were swept and garnished? In the case of madness resulting from drunkenness or sensuality, we may conceive of Satan being permitted to become the instrument of retributive chastisement, or the powers of darkness being let loose for the scourging of the sinner.

Having in the present "Memorial" done full justice to Captain Stewart, I trust, in regard to his innocence of "blood-guiltiness" in the fearful massacre of which he was the agent,—it would neither be candid nor faithful to withhold from him the application of those principles, which reflection on his case has suggested. Fully, therefore, as he stands justified from all legal crime, we would by no means assert, that, in the circumstances of the calamitous voyage, he was without moral responsibility or blame. If the principles herein laid down be correct, he was

no doubt blameable, and that *especially* in a self-indulgence to which he is said to have been addicted—the taking of stimulants. It does not appear, indeed, that he drank to the extent of intoxication; but he was certainly in the habit of using ardent spirits, at different periods, daily; and in this, if aware of his excitable constitution, and predisposition to insanity, lay, it would seem, his principal blame in that melancholy voyage. He was not conscious, perhaps, of the pernicious tendency of this self-indulgence; certainly he could have no conception of “how great a matter a little fire kindleth;” whereas *it might be*, that this apparently harmless enjoyment was the spark which developed ‘the world of iniquity within; setting fire to the course of nature, and that being set on fire of hell.’*

We here speak of Captain Stewart with reference to the days of his spiritual ignorance and impenitence: but whatever blame then attached to him for a self-indulgence calculated to provoke the development of the malady which led to the fatal catastrophe, we can now only contemplate him as an object of interest and commiseration.

These reflections are not designed, as I trust the reader will have assumed, in the way of censure or judgment, on either the subject of this Memorial, or others on whom deviation from a right mind has, in the course of nature, or from the Divine hand, been their afflictive visitation:—for all we have here

* James iii. 5, 6.

advanced has been primarily designed by the way of caution and warning to persons of excitable temperament, or having constitutional predisposition to insanity. When insanity, indeed, results from dissipation or sensuality—which of all the developing causes of this dreadful malady are unquestionably the most prevalent and certain—we may venture, without fear of being charged with severity of judgment, to ascribe it to its blameable origination; but when it is a disease of constitution, developed by the visitation of God, both principle and feeling must require for it the tenderest and most compassionate consideration. Surely nothing can be more melancholy, nor any disease, to which our suffering nature is liable, more pitiable, than that exhibition of the wreck of man's distinguishing characteristics, which is displayed in the vacant stare, the incoherent words, or the wild unconscious laugh of the unhappy maniac! Such a case, when resulting from the nature of the constitution, and brought out by the Providence of God, is one most *compassionable*; but far more *deplorable* is the condition of that miserable maniac, who, by a course of sensual dissipation, hath expelled his reason, and hath put himself helpless into the hands of Satan, to possess him, as with a legion, and to make his destruction certain, both of body and soul! As an earnest warning against so dreadful a catastrophe, this section of our Memorial is mainly designed.

Though the observations now brought forward

have their primary application to physical constitutions, and resulting conditions of mind, analogous to that of Captain Stewart, yet they have a far more extensive bearing. They might, indeed, be philosophically extended in practical adaptation, to the moral responsibility of all persons of excitable passions, or of unequal or incorrect mind. And in such wise—to whom would they not in some measure or other apply? If incorrectness, or inequality of mind, on any one point, be monomania, it would appear that this disease is far more extensive in its prevalence among our species, than mankind in general are aware of, or willing to allow. For how few men, comparatively, do we find, whose minds contemplate the various objects of pursuit, or endowments of life, in their ratable proportions? How few among mankind can claim to have ‘a right judgment in all things?’ So common is the occurrence of an inequality of mind, as to its estimate of some peculiar object, that few persons are without their favourite or absorbing pursuit or prepossession; few are free from an undue, often unreasonable dislike or aversion; few, therefore, are entirely free from the leading symptom of monomania! But as a certain measure of inequality is, from the very nature of the human constitution, almost universal,—it is only when the inequality extends beyond some arbitrary, conventional, and ill-defined limit, that it is considered as morbid; but the exact point where the malady begins cannot be determined. Well would it be, however, if mankind

at large were fully aware how much they are influenced, and how liable to be betrayed into erroneous acts and false decisions of judgment, by natural constitution, and original mental partialities.

Whatever be the extent of the *intellectual* aberrations among mankind, there is a *moral* mania of the mind, which, we find, is as general as the depravity of our species. For, from Scriptural declarations and descriptions, we are justified in the statement—that every unconverted sinner throughout the world—that every man in whom religion has not become the ruling and actuating principle of his life—that every one, however moral, humane, or benevolent he may be, whose heart is not given up to the dominion of Christ, and to the discipline of the Gospel, is *beside himself*, at least on one subject, as utterly as Captain Stewart was ;—and that is on the matter of vital religion, with its bearing on, and its connection with, a future state ! And if the effect of this spiritual malady should not be so destructive to others, as that of the monomania in the frightful instance before us,—though no one can tell the mischief, in spiritual murder, that is perpetrated through the influence of a wicked example,—yet it will not be less destructive to himself, if he do not, by the grace of God, recover from his disease ; for it will betray him to become the murderer of his own soul ! And herein is every man's solemn responsibility—to watch against the tendencies of, and to seek the Gospel remedy for, this destructive malady of our spiritual nature. Were the

malady as essentially irremediable, as the tendencies of it are necessarily ruinous to our future happiness, then would this melancholy characteristic of our fallen nature be rather our misfortune than our blame : but because of the fulness, adequacy, and attainableness of the remedy, we become reasonably answerable for the consequences of this evil of our nature. For inasmuch as the atoning sacrifice of Christ is revealed to us in the Gospel, as a remedy, when received by faith, against the future penalty of our sins ; and as the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost is exhibited to us in Scripture, as the corrective, when applied for according to the Gospel appointment, for the spiritual mania and corruption of our original nature,—we are not only responsible both for our sins and our corruptions, with all their consequences, but shall certainly be left, if so be we reject or neglect the remedies, *without excuse!*



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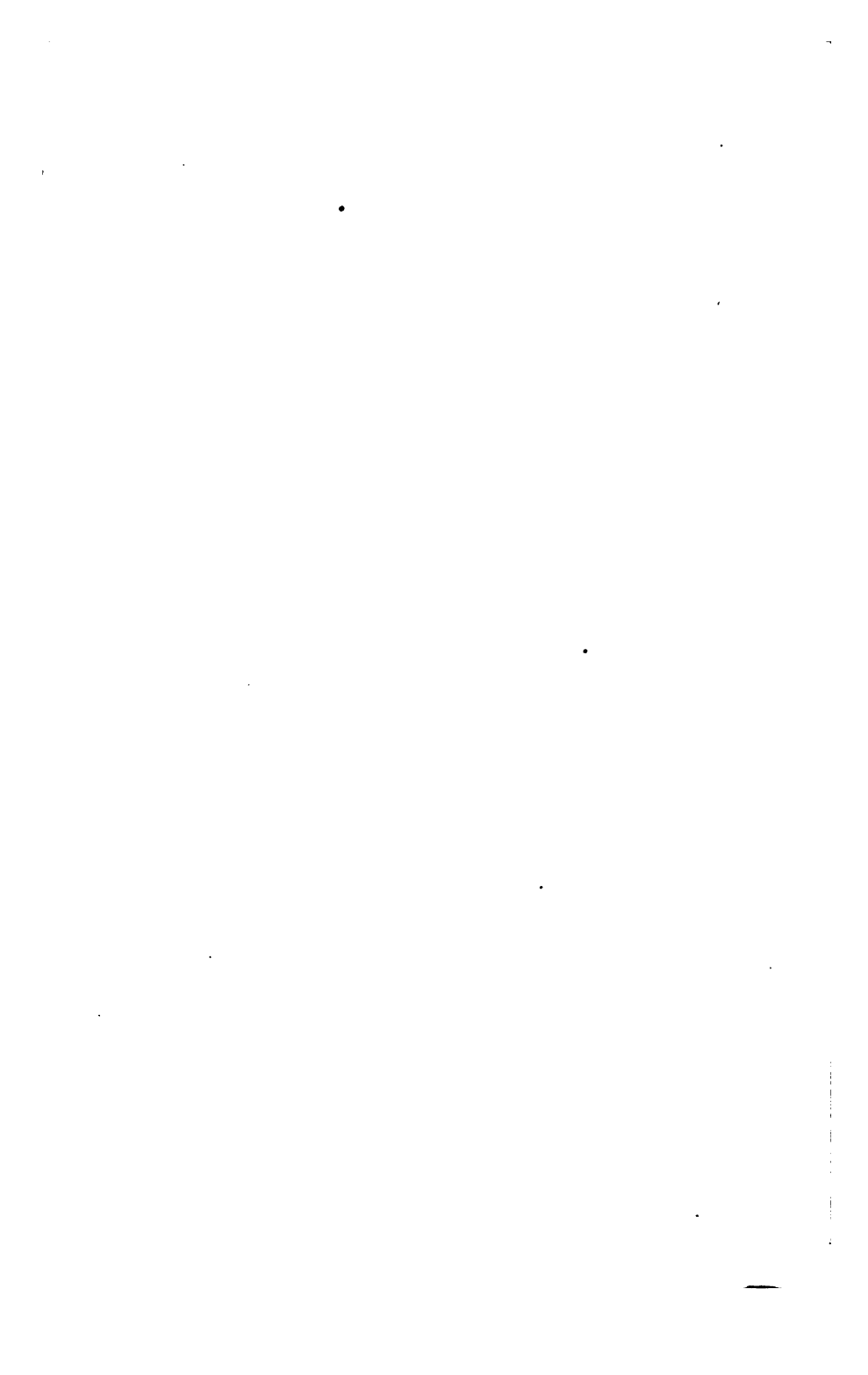
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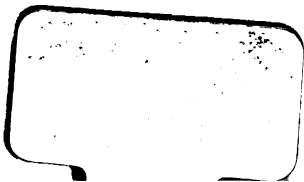
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